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In compliance with the desire of many well-informed persons, to extend as much as possible the diffusion of General Literature and Useful Knowledge, this Paper, on and after the first Saturday in August, will be REDUCED IN PRICE from Eightpence to FOURPENCE.

REVIEWS

The Club-book: being original Tales, &c.; by various Authors. Edited by the Author of 'The Dominie's Legacy.' 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Cochrane & Pickersgill.

We think this promises to be one of the few successful books of this unsuccessful season. The idea is excellent. It is contending against these political times, with a joint stock of fame and reputation. One name, even the best, is notoriously insufficient to engage public attention at this moment. Here then is an association who have clubbed their genius and talent. We have contributions from Mr. James, Mr. Galt, Lord Leveson Gower, Mr. Allan Cunningham, Mr. Moir, Mr. Leitch Ritchie, Mr. Hogg, Mr. Power, Mr. Jerdan, and Mr. Andrew Picken. Here surely is promise enough—here is variety to tickle the dull appetite of the public; and the feast is equal to the bill of fare. All parties, without exception, have done well. We have our favourite tales of course, and so will every reader have—and the preference will depend on his feelings and humour;—but it will be admitted by all that, as a whole, the collection is excellent.

The volumes open worthily with 'Bertrand de la Croix,' a tale, by Mr. James, in his very best manner; it might have been diluted into three volumes, without being much under the average strength of modern novels. 'Haddad-Ben-Ahad,' by Mr. Galt, is a clever idea—a sort of eastern apologue; it tickled our fancy, but we doubt if the million will do him justice; the honest Mahometan, the wonder and admiration of Bagdad, who had travelled to the end of the world, and peeped over the outer wall, and who in truth had seen nothing, is a very honest representative of one half of our christian travellers. But that he may have his fair share of general applause, as well as the good word of the critics, Mr. Galt has written other tales. 'The Unguarded Hour,' 'The Book of Life,' 'The Painter,' and 'The Fatal Whisper.' 'The Unguarded Hour' is not to our liking; it is too strange and too out of the ordinary course of circumstance, but it opens well. 'The Book of Life' outrages probability, and therefore takes little hold of the feelings. 'The Painter' is a clever sketch, but it seems written in great haste; it is a well-told incident, rather than a story—had it been wrought out with care, had there been a beginning and an end to it, had Mr. Galt taken time and space to have done himself justice; he had evidently the material for a tale of powerful interest. But 'The Fatal Whisper' will be a general favourite—it had all that the other wants; the plot is intricate, and the feelings are highly wrought up, but the story is unravelled well and naturally. 'The Gipsy of the Abruzzo,'

by Mr. Power, is excellent and quite Italian. Mr. Jerdan's idea of the 'Sleepless Woman,' is excellent also, but the conclusion commonplace—it would have been far better in our judgment, had he made it humorous rather than romantic, and treated it more familiarly. 'The Dramatic Scene,' by Lord Francis Leveson Gower, is not to our liking—we detest all rhyming dialogue—but there are passages in it of great beauty, and we shall give the following in proof:—

Donna Sol. Now let us fly.
Hernani. The task befits these well.
To gather firmness as the tempests swell;
Around me still, companion, wife, and friend,
To cling in fond endurance to the end;
'Tis worthy of that firm and trusting heart.
But heaven above! far me to play that part!—
To drag her on, without regret or fear!
My time is past, the scaffold frowns too near.
Donna Sol. How say you?
Hernani. This great monarch, whom
I braved,
Will seek his life by whom his own was saved.
He flies. Already at his palace gate
He calls around the minions of his state—
His guards, his lords, his hangmen.

Donna Sol. Thou wilt die!
Dispatch! dispatch! Together let us fly.
Hernani. Together? No! that hour is past for flight,
Dearest, when first thy beauty met my sight,
I offered, for the love which bade me live,
Wretch that I was, what misery had to give—
My word, my stream, my mountain. Bolder grow,
By thy compassion to an outlaw shown,
The outlaw's meal beneath the forest shade,
The outlaw's couch far in the greenwood glade,
I offered. Thought to both that couch be free,
I keep the scaffold's couch reserved for me.

Donna Sol. And yet you promised!
Hernani. (falling on his knees.) Angel, in his hour,
Pursued by vengeance and oppressed by power—
Even in this hour, when death prepares to close
In shame and pain a destiny of woes—
Yes, I, who from the world proscribed and cast,
Have nursed one dark remembrance of the past,
Even from my birth in sorrow's garment clad,
Have cause to smile and reason to be glad,
For you have loved the outlaw, and have shed
Your whispered blessings on his forlorn head.

Donna Sol. Let me go with you?
Hernani. No. I will not rend
From its fair stem the flower as I descend.
Go. I have smelt its perfume. Go: resume
All that this grasp has brushed away of bloom.
Woe the old man—believe that ne'er we met;
I seek my shade—be happy, and forget!

Donna Sol. No, I go with you. What can e'er atone
For your desertion?

Hernani. Let me fly alone.
Donna Sol. (despairingly; *Hernani* on the threshold.)

You fly me! Was it then for this I cast
All at your feet, to be repulsed at last?
Can he, for whom I braved my fate, deny
All that remains—the bliss with him to die?

Hernani. Baniabed—proscribed—contagious.
Donna Sol. Rather say

Ungrateful—thankless! No, not that. I stay—
You wish it. Let me seek these arms again;
And till these arms release me, I remain.
Forget our fortune and our foes to-night;
Sit on this stone above me, bend thy sight
On mine, and flood me with its dazzling light.
Speak, and enchant me. Dearest, let not sweet
To love, and see the loved one at thy feet;
Thine to be two, where not a third is right;
To the night air, while others sleep, to sleep?
Here, on thy breast, let my repose be found,
My love, my beauty!

(The sound of the distant tocsin is heard.)
Donna Sol. (rising.) 'Tis the tocsin's sound!
Hearst thou the tocsin?

Hernani. 'Tis our marriage bell;
And there are notes of bridal joy, which swell
On the night breeze.

Donna Sol. Rise! fly! the town is bright,
Like sudden day.
Hernani. The marriage torches' light.
Come to these arms!

Enter a Mountaineer, sword in hand.
Mountaineer. My Lord! my Lord! the foe
Musters his force; whole squadrons make a show
Already in the place.

Hernani. (rising.) What cause to fear?
Shouts without.

Death to the chief!
Hernani. Thy sword! the chief is here.
(To *Donna Sol.*)

Adieu, then!
Donna Sol. By the open wicket fly.
Adieu! Remember, if you fall, I die.

Hernani. One kiss—
Donna Sol. Be quick then, ere your time
be past.

Hernani. (kissing her forehead.) Alas! it is my first.
Donna Sol. Perhaps your last.

[Exit *Hernani*. *Donna Sol* falls upon a bench.

'Gowden Gibbie,' by Allan Cunningham, is a good story well told, though somewhat of the longest. 'The Laidlaws and the Scots,' by Mr. Hogg, is much less natural, and is, therefore, inferior to the 'Bogle o' the Brae,' which, though childish in its incidents, has some very well drawn characters. The 'Bridal of Borthwick,' by Mr. Moir, is another improbability. Delta has not done himself justice. The 'Cheatree Packman,' by Leitch Ritchie, is a proof of the power of manner; the story, or one very like it, we have read a hundred times before, but it was never told more pleasantly;—and now a word or two of the contributions of the Editor, Mr. Andrew Picken, to whom we are indebted for the collection. We were rather curious, and somewhat anxious, having a little love for him, to see how the worthy Dominie would comport himself among these assembled worthies; and we were glad to find that he need not veil his bonnet to the best of them. 'Eisenbach,' though wholly different from his usual style, is by no means a bad tale: the incidents, indeed, are strangely abrupt and not a little extravagant; but there is consistency in the characters, which are well drawn and natural, and the whole tale is interesting. The opening scene is in his very best style; there is an actual locality about it; it has the right Rhenish flavour; the worthy Dominie must have domiciled on the borders of that 'exulting and abounding river' until it became native to him; he seems to its custom and its scenery born we ordered a bottle of our best Rudesheimer to drink his health in, and the health of all lovers of the delightful valley of the Nah. There is nothing, to be sure, in the tale itself that equals this; but we will do him the justice to quote; and, if the reader has no relish for its quiet quaint humour—its pleasant philosophy, with its modest self-questionings—for its morality without obtrusiveness, let him question his own judgment.

"The road from Kreuznach, or rather from Munster, towards the picturesque town of Bingen on the Rhine, is so beautiful, and the distance between the two latter places so short that by

the time I had got to that point in my journey, I determined to travel it on foot, and by myself, for no other reason that I can tell, but because I wished to refresh my limbs by a walk, and had taken a conceited fancy for my own company.

"Before I had arrived at the end of my day's excursion, however, I found that I had quite enough both of the one and the other; for though my 'weary legs' did not actually break down, my head began positively to ache from the fervour of my own meditations, excited as they had been all day by the beauty of the scenery through which I had been passing; and I found that personal solitude, even in the noble valley of the Nah, becomes wearisome at length to a man of colloquial propensities. Besides, I had been quite misinformed regarding the real charms of these parts, and as I mounted the pass of the Ruchesberg, near the chapel of St. Roch, which overlooks the whole sweep of the valley, and which gave me the Rhine gleaming beneath me, up and down on the right—the quaint turrets of Bingen in the hollow reflected in its bosom, and the noble mountain of the Rudesheim in front of me as I contemplated the view across the valley,—I became so lost in poetry and other nonsense, that I quite forgot myself as usual, until common hunger and exhaustion began to remind me once more of the weaknesses of humanity.

"I would not, however, as I descended the mountain, lose the last lowering glance of the sinking sun, which now deepened the black shadows of the rocky hills that skirted the horizon beyond the valley—and that lightened the bright green of the vineyards with which they were clothed, and reddened the picturesque summit of the Rudesheim beyond—for I hoped that could I only reach Bingen this evening, I should there find some English people who would do me great civility for my money, and supply my lack of the Allemand language, by wholesome talk which I could reciprocate. But man is short-sighted, and so forth; a philosophical reflection which I found particularly pertinent to this present occasion—for, by the time I had descended towards the lower grounds, the shadows of evening began to prevail to the eastward, the Rhine, and the town in front of me seemed to recede away every step I took, and I was inclined to misdoubt whether I was not making a circle round the mountain, instead of proceeding mathematically to any christian habitation. The usual troubles of a strayed traveller journeying in foreign lands now overtook me, and perplexed my thoughts exceedingly. Fancies drear crowded into my brain like the hollow wind that now began to moan in the distance, and to whisper strange words in my ears, while a certain exhausted receiver that I carried about with me, seemed to yawn discontentedly like the deep chasms that now grew dark among the surrounding vallies.

"Philosophy, however, came again kindly to my aid, reminding me in the plenitude of its wisdom that I had no money wherewith to render me a worthy subject of any creditable robbery; that moreover, the Germans were an exceedingly honest people, and that, according to natural history, even the vultures and crows of those parts were of a kindly nature, and could not have the heart to pick out my eyes, even if, like a Bethlehem shepherd, I should be obliged to lie in the fields all night.

"While preparing my mind for the worst that might happen, in this judicious and sensible manner, I found myself mounting a height on the borders of another small valley. The light seemed now again to brighten a little, and by it I perceived, peeping from among the woodland above me, the white turrets of a small mansion, or rather villa, which came by degrees into view from among the planting, and appeared to me at once, as in some way quite different from the

usual dwellings in this part of Germany. The road soon passed within a few hundred yards of this house, the valley below swept up enchantingly among the mountains, the stream at the bottom turned into a little lake in the distance, and the white houses of a small hamlet studded with a lively effect the side of the hill on the opposite side of the hollow." i. 191—5.

If this specimen has whetted the reader's appetite, we must refer him to the volumes themselves for the remainder—indeed, the best thing that he can do is to get them at once—for we have more tales to report upon, and must therefore be chary of space. The 'Deer Stalkers,' though by far the longest in the work, will not be thought too long by the reader, and the 'Three Kearneys' is admirable. Now, what are we to do with these 'Three Kearneys'? we had determined at the outset to transfer them here. Why, we must go doggedly to work and calculate the present length of this article; and for any little error in the estimate—it can be but a rough guess—we hope to be forgiven: let us consider—two columns perhaps. Well, then, we will do our best to abridge the extract into two more. We must, indeed, leave out a great deal—cruelly dismember the story—cut off all its little delightful digressions that are scattered through it like natural flowers in our hedge-rows in "the merry month";—we must even begin with the beginning, which compels us to sacrifice the Proem—itsself worth any ordinary tale of mere incident.

"It was while I was living within the interior precincts of the flaunting city of Dublin, in the Irish kingdom, that I first began seriously to make my observations on things in general: so wandering to and fro to observe the city, as much as possible, at a distance, rather than in its inner embraces, my walks lay often in those southern environs of the place, that spread off so pleasantly towards the green sloping hills joining the King's county, which the Irish, in their usual boastful phraseology, choose to dignify by the name of the Dublin mountains. On that side of the city, and on a pleasant elevation, is situated the healthy village of Harold's Cross, and beyond the village towards the said mountains, appear the picturesque policies of Robert Shawfield, Esq., of the Warren, some time a representative in parliament for the Irish metropolis.

"Now there lived by the road-side, beyond Harold's Cross, and near to the fine domain of the Warren, an elderly man and woman of the name of Kearney, who had two strapping sons living at home with them. These young men bore, however, rather a ne'er-do-well character, and in fact the whole of the Kearneys were known extensively round, as a suspicious and troublesome sort of people. Yet were they, after all, rather well-liked and applauded, by their own sort of rabbling clan-jamfreys of the neighbourhood, more, for aught I know, because they neither feared God nor regarded man, than for any good or commendable qualities. The old woman (her name was Judith, or rather Judy, as the people called her,) was well named after that strong-stomached amazon who cut off the head of the man with whom she went to consort herself, as we read of in the Apocrypha; for she was known all round to be a perfect born devil, and like many other of the parents of the Irish youth, able to bring up her sons in the practice of all manner of malice and wickedness. We cannot say that the old man was quite as bad as his amiable helpmate, (for without doubt, she, as her neighbours would say, was a 'sweet nut,') and it was even affirmed that he had occasionally in his life manifested sundry symptoms of a reckless sort of Irish generosity. Be-

sides, the father of this hopeful family had no imagination to invent a wicked plot, yet still he was of a dour and dogged turn, had within him a deep spirit of suspicion and of vengeance, and if he deserved not the praise of having the head to conceive, it could not be denied that he had the hand to execute, the darkest scheme of guilt and cruelty. * * *

"The young Kearneys of whom we are now speaking, could not be expected to imbibe much of the spirit of godliness and honesty, from the walk and conversation of such parents. * * *

"The Kearneys had a cow, which lived abroad about the neighbourhood, and some half a dozen pigs, who lived at home with the family. How the pigs got their living, or indeed the Kearneys themselves, was by no means clearly made out by the most sagacious of the people in the cabins around. But as for the cow, it was no secret, that although an honest and discreet-looking brute, as needed be, she was universally allowed to be a common interloper and a thief, getting her living wherever she could, or rather wherever she was driven, and bringing disgrace and a blush upon all the well-disposed cows, from Harold's Cross to the Dublin mountains. This cow was a constant subject of eyeseore and dispute throughout the neighbourhood, and in particular by the servants and retainers of Mr. Shawfield, of the Warren, for the grass which grew so rich upon the broad meadows of his estate, she had always been peculiarly fond of; and to this predilection the four Kearneys never were known to have made the smallest objection. * * *

"At this time there lived in the neighbourhood, and on the further side of the Warren demesne, a widow woman, who, together with her two daughters, then living at home with her, were held in much favour by the squire, the father of the girls having been long a faithful domestic of the family, and the widow and children being uniformly industrious and deserving."

Owen Lambert, the park ranger of Mr. Lambert, is the proposed husband of Mattie, one of the daughters of the widow, with whom, unfortunately, Patrick Kearney falls in love, and by whom he is refused.

"The peculiar curse of conscious wickedness was no new thing to the mother of the Kearneys, that is, the continual dread of being avoided by the good, and the abiding sense that they deserve to be avoided. Amid, therefore, her envious wrath at the gentle and inoffensive widow of the cottage, the beldam had the sagacity to conclude, that some one must be favoured with the love of Mattie Connor, and a thought having crossed the suspicious brooding of the moment, a strong curiosity took fast hold of her, to know if the person could possibly be the squire's active and daring confidant, Owen Lambert."

and she never rests till she has satisfied herself that her suspicions were true. The fact being known, added to the natural hatred of the Kearneys towards the park ranger:

Owen Lambert and Mattie Connor were now married and happy. The park ranger, with kind consideration, overlooked many of the trespasses of the cow of the Kearneys, until at last he was under the necessity of "pounding" her; and Mr. Shawfield, worn out with these repeated outrages, determined to prosecute the Kearneys for the wanton breaking of his fences, of which the park ranger had been himself witness.

"The news of the approaching trial of the Kearneys, when it came cautiously to the ears of the young wife of the griever, filled her with an involuntary and anxious apprehension. She feared something she knew not what; she wished

the trial was over, and yet she scarcely knew why; for Mr. Shawfield had given her assurances of the utmost favour and protection to her deserving husband, and had himself called to see her, and to give her his word to that effect. Still, as the day drew near, when Owen Lambert was to go into Dublin, she could not divest herself of her foreboding anxiety, for dreadful reports had come to her ears of the horrible threatenings that the Kearneys had been heard to utter against the humane yet vigilant youth. The personal situation of the young wife now helped to increase her tendency to nervous anxiety, and though by day her mind was soothed by argument and assurance, by night her fancy was haunted with every sort of terrifying image. She had often heard, with a feminine shudder, of the dreadful atrocities of Irish revenge, committed in the wild parts of her unfortunate country, and whenever she tried to sleep, as she lay at midnight, listening for sound or tread without her lonely cottage, dark horrors, burnings, and murders, haunted her disturbed slumbers; but when she was awoke by some startling shriek of her imaginary terrors, and found Owen sleeping placidly by her side, she would clasp him to her bosom, with the thankful fondness of a wife, and thus fall asleep, again uttering murmurs of gratitude to Heaven for his safety.

"At length the day arrived, previous to the one appointed for the hearing of the charge against the Kearneys, and some reports having been current that this pestiferous family were likely from hence to be forced entirely from the neighbourhood, gave confidence and spirits to the anxious wife, so that the day wore over with unusual comfort. In the afternoon the young couple were visited at their cottage by Widow Connor, Mattie's mother, who stayed with them till after nightfall, and the evening was spent with affectionate and gay hilarity. At length, the mother-in-law rose to depart, and Owen rose also, in order to accompany her, at least part of the way, across the fields towards her cottage.

"His wife was somewhat struck with his manner, and at first made an objection to his going with her mother, which he, in the spirit of hospitable courage, would by no means listen to; so her former fears having by this time been much dispelled, she made little opposition, and with an affectionate look in her face as he parted from her, away he went to be convoy to the widow, with many charges from Mattie, that if he observed nothing which might require his presence without, he should speedily return, to enjoy his rest and her advice, before what was to take place on the following day.

"Lambert had not gone far from the door across the fields, the young wife being left in the cottage alone, when the thought smote her, that she ought not to have allowed her Owen to leave his own home at night, at least until the trial was over. An ominous dread now came over her concerning him, and she began to feel an anxiety for his safety, that became perfectly intolerable. All the usual reasonings in such circumstances, she called in to check the intensity of her uneasy apprehensions, as she waited with impatience in the empty dwelling, and listened eagerly, trying to hear his distant footsteps. An hour—two hours, passed entirely away and still she listened, until she could audibly hear the hard beating of her own heart, but no other sound was there to indicate his coming, or to relieve the dreadful horror of her fevered imaginings. She went out from the cottage door with the lamp in her hand. It cast a feeble and limited glance towards the dark meadows, but all lay shrouded in silence and obscurity, and him whom she looked for came not. As it wore towards midnight, without his making his appearance, the young woman sat

like a statue in the midst of her terrors, or paced about the cottage in incipient distraction. She next seized the little cloak that hung by the wall, and throwing it round her, rushed into the dark fields to seek for her husband."

When the trial came on at Dublin, the next day, the park ranger did not appear.

"The anxious squire looked among the crowd in vain, and an impudent sneer was manifest in the countenances of the three Kearneys, their beldam-mother, who stood behind, regarding with laughter the alderman on the bench. While the court now consulted as to the propriety of dismissing this case for want of evidence, the elder of the Kearneys looking towards the bench, and smiling saucily as he turned towards the squire, uttered this strange and impertinent speech,—

"Robert Shawfield Esq. M.P.—where is the fine witness that ye were to have brought to swear against me and my boys. If ye have him, why don't he come forward?"

"A messenger now arrived from the warren to inform the squire, that the griever, having left his cottage on the previous night, had never returned; and that search having been made for him everywhere, no traces of him were to be found, but that certain marks of a struggle had been observed on the side of a bank, and strong suspicions were everywhere abroad, that the unfortunate man had met with a cruel death by the hands of these Kearneys, who had long used open threatenings against him. The horror of the master and friend of the deserving griever, and of the whole court, at hearing this intelligence, need not be dwelt upon. Warrants were granted on the instant, both to make search for the body and to investigate carefully the marks and appearances of everything that should be found within the cottage of the Kearneys, which might furnish any evidence concerning the murder."

Eventually the Kearneys were arraigned:

"And though, from some circumstances, the old woman, who was well understood to have instigated the whole, was reluctantly acquitted, the three men, namely, the father and his two sons, were tried and condemned to suffer on the very spot beyond Harold's Cross, where the horrid deed was supposed to have been perpetrated.

"I am now come to speak of that sickening gliff that came over my heart at the sight which I witnessed one morning as I sat at my window, in the long suburban street as you go towards Harold's Cross, from the city of Dublin. It was a quiet close morning, and drawing towards noon, when I sat musing at my window, as I say, and thinking within myself of God's goodness and man's deceits, for the day was Monday, and certain things came soothingly over my thoughts, which I had heard in the house of prayer, during the solemnities of the previous day's worship. Surely, said I, goodness and mercy hath still followed me all my life long, even into this discontented kingdom of the Irish, and as to the wickedness of the wicked, which is wrought in secret places of the earth, I have still been preserved, even from knowing the depth and the breadth thereof.

"I was communing with myself in this comforting way, and so abstract in my inward meditation, that I did not pay any attention, although I partly saw the people beginning to lift their windows all round, and those on the street beneath, running hastily from that end of the suburb, to which my back was all the while turned. I have been often called stupid, and so I am, when anything takes my thoughts away into meditative abstraction; so I never troubled myself to turn round my head, until the clatter of an host of horses' feet came over my ears from behind, and a wild cry of 'the Kearneys!'

the Kearneys!' accompanied the sudden rising of the surrounding windows.

"What a strange and impressive cavalcade was this, which with the immense and horrified crowd that followed it, was now almost under my very window. There were horsemen behind and horsemen before, but no music, or sound such as usually accompanies a military spectacle, and the buzz and murmur that ran through the multitude had an awfulness in it, as if it were the low and deep voice of justice herself, and seemed to have the sternness mixed with the horror, of a generally awarded and righteous sentence of death. There was something very dreadful in the arrangement of the cavalcade.

"Lord save us," said I, as I surveyed the whole, 'but it is an awful sight, to see a father and his two sons carted off together to their death,' two of them young and even handsome men, and, together with the father, such as you never could have supposed, from their looks, to be capable of committing so atrocious a deed.

"But the most painful part of this whole tragedy related to the unfortunate widow of the murdered griever, whom her terrible misfortune had entirely bereft of her senses, and for whom the sympathetic squire made ample provision, as a confirmed and hopeless lunatic. The broken-hearted widow took her unfortunate daughter back to her cottage, and willingly aided in the delusion into which the poor creature had gradually fallen—that Owen Lambert was still attending the trial of the Kearneys, from which he was hourly expected to return. Whenever, therefore, the morning was fine, the interesting maniac went forth and sat patiently on a stone at the door, to wait, as she said, until her Owen came home from Dublin.

"Curiosity, and that melancholy interest with which unmerited misfortune is always invested, led me one day to swerve off my way as I went to the Dublin mountains, to try if I could see her. Sure enough, as the people there say, I did see this pretty and demented young widow sitting as usual in the sunshine at the cottage-door, and singing sillily to herself, as she carelessly knitted some trifling article. When she perceived me she rose, and looking anxiously in my face, came forward to meet me. 'Begging your pardon, Sir,' she said in the liquid softness of the Dublin *patois*, and curtsying as she drew near, 'Did your honour come from Dublin this morning?'

"I did," said I sadly, observing the poor thing's look of melancholy anxiety.

"May be, Sir," she continued, 'you can tell me something of one Owen Lambert, that's there at the trial.—Ah, he is long, long, of coming!'

"So he is," said I, 'but you'll see him by-and-by.'

"Will I?" she said, a gleam of joy coming over her features. 'Alas! but I am weary, weary, so long waiting to meet him.'

"Are you?" I said, forgetting, in my pity, the poor girl's insanity. 'God help you! broken-heart,—but you will meet him I doubt not, in a better world!' *iii.* 293—330.

As our readers have here the earliest notice of these pleasant volumes, we shall not apologize for the length of the article. Next week we will cast an eye over them again, and, if possible, make a few extracts from the contributions of some of the other writers.

Roxobel: By Mrs. Sherwood. 3 vols. London, 1831. Houlston & Son.

Mrs. Sherwood has published oftener than any other female writer who ever lived. *Ninety-three* publications we know of, varying in size from a tract to the present three-volume

novel, and in price from two-pence to twenty-seven shillings. She has issued a perfect shower of tales, for all ages, and a complete collection of her works would form a juvenile library. Her popularity has been extensive, but peculiar; many of her productions have reached and several have passed their tenth edition—some have been translated into very unusual languages; there are few children and young people in the kingdom unacquainted with her writings, and yet her intellectual reputation is inconsiderable. She revolves in an orbit of her own, and is a kind of connecting link between what is technically termed the religious world, and the literary world; being evidently unfamiliar with the style of knowledge that circulates in the latter, and declining to recognize many opinions characteristic of the former. She is an avowed champion of fiction, but "to keep the balance true," invariably makes it the medium of religious instruction. She has frequently done this in a highly judicious and affecting manner, but she has done it best in some of her least ambitious works, which were some of her first. She has a great talent for arranging incidents and describing costume, &c. Into the hearts of children she has great insight; of young people she knows less, and about men and women she knows nothing. Her descriptions of the world are frequently unnatural, and her sketches of character shadowy and unimpressive. Her good people are cardinal virtues with christian and surnames; her bad people are vices with christian and surnames also; and the good and the bad alike make long speeches nearly the same in point of construction, as in Goldsmith's company of players, Romeo's coat serves, when turned, for Mercutio. She wants discrimination and variety, and would be improved by a more extensive acquaintance with the books, things, and persons around her. If a landscape be looked at through a blue glass, it will appear blue; and if the hue of the glass be changed to yellow, the landscape is none the nearer appearing natural. Very nearly all the religious novelists, with Mrs. Sherwood at their head, are wanting in truth of portraiture; they put forth opinions, describe situations, dispose events into plots, but they only paint in body colour. Their characters are persons, not their persons characters. Their tales are bundles of incidents, bound together by statements of religious sentiment. Even religion itself is seldom treated with adequate dignity, as that mighty agent which, while it works in the heart, works and shews its fruits in perfect accordance with the natural bent of the human being; as capable of mingling with all the powers of the mind, as consisting less in the adoption of a new opinion, than in discerning the amazing scope afforded for the development of a well-known but neglected principle—"Remember thy Creator!" Very many of these religious tales and novels are badly written, even in point of composition; either florid enough to remind one of the French Marchioness, who fancied prayer acceptable in proportion to the fine words employed, or so bare and meagre, so intellectually "hunger-bitten," that one wishes the writer's mind a full meal of English. The higher faculties are rarely brought into action, either in the work of producing or appreciating; thought is passive, and imagination dormant; no new

light is shed upon old truths; he who has read eleven of these tales, may, if tolerably quick of apprehension, confidently undertake to write the twelfth, nothing being needful but a kaleidoscopic change of incident. Let there be a fair meek woman, whose husband is dead; let her fall into a consumption and die, commending her infant to the care of a friend or sister; let the sister or friend be very perfect too, and live in a village; give a long history of every person and thing in the village, frequent episodes concerning dells and dingles near the village, and more than one description of rural festivities held in some of them; have a fair proportion of delightful old women, good children, and stubborn people of middle age; introduce a great many schools, make numerous reflections, let your leading characters have no communication with the world at large, and afford no proof that there exists such a thing as general information; call the orphan infant Emily, let her have dove-like eyes, let her be an angel, let her have a cousin who is an angel also, and let his name be Henry; let them grow up as brother and sister, let them at last find out they are in love, let Henry find out when at college that he is less of an angel than he thought, and let there be unhappiness, catastrophes, and long, very long letters for a hundred pages; let him return to the beautiful village, and his beautiful cousin quite penitent; let the vicar be a combination of the twelve apostles; give the heads of several of his sermons; introduce death-bed scenes both happy and awful;—finally, let Henry take orders, marry, and be the vicar's curate, and with care to make everything in extremes, everybody very rich or very poor, very good or very bad, very wise or very foolish, very beautiful if good, and very ugly if bad—be assured you have produced a religious tale.

We frankly admit there are several exceptions to this description, but the majority are, in spirit, described by it. Instruction is rarely interwoven with the fabric of the fiction itself, but appended as a fringe, and the young reader cuts it short. In Mrs. Sherwood's 'Lady of the Manor,' seven volumes of tales on confirmation, which a circle of young ladies are represented as assembled to hear, every tale is closed with prayer and discussion, which the young ladies in the book join in, but which the majority of young ladies out of the book will pass over. "How good it is of the people who write books," said a little boy to his mother—"how good it is of them to put MORAL in large letters, to shew you what to skip." This is a fact; and we suspect that many, not children, are of much the same mind. Unless the delineations of character and circumstance be striking and instructive, no moralizing will make them so. There wants a compromise between the two great parties of writers of fiction, those who systematically introduce religion, and those who systematically avoid it: one should become aware, that to introduce it on petty occasions, and to endeavour to ground excitement upon it, is trifling; and the other might learn, with advantage, that to stop short of introducing it on great occasions, is irreverent neglect, a neglect too, that very often injures the literary value of a work. We should not think very highly of that person's taste, who would expunge the conflicts of Andrew Bell, from Mr. Galt's

'Lawrie Todd;' or the presbytery scene from 'Adam Blair,' or Jeannie Deans, from 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian;' or Rebecca, from 'Ivanhoe,'—yet christian principle, either in a state of conflict or triumph, is the main-spring of all. Works of fiction, that aspire to a high rank, must not appeal to ephemeral tastes, but enduring principles; they must anchor in the deep places of the heart if they aspire to anything beyond amusing for "the season." Fiction might, and perhaps one day will be made a powerful engine in the amelioration as well as entertainment of society, but it will not be by embodying a sermon in every chapter, still less by making worldliness, however disguised and painted, the foundation of the reader's interest. Our literature already possesses some tales and novels, that, without professing theology, make high appeals to the nobles of our faculties, to the poetry dwelling in our hearts, that are not satisfied to amuse idleness, or find wit for malice, but are upborne by a grave, pure, earnest enthusiasm upon which satire takes no hold. Fiction of this order

Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet in the weakest part,
Heroically fashioned.

May the numbers be increased! To advert now to Roxobel. It abounds in such strange wild catastrophes and changes, that it might be entitled 'Roxobel, a religious melo-drama.' The chances that befall this humble village and its inhabitants, would suffice for a little kingdom. The time is certainly laid in the last century, but the events would be unnatural in any century—large fortunes flying about like sugar-plums in a carnival—angelic beauty a perfect drug—perfection at a discount—gipsy incantations—an abduction—a great lady of fortune marrying her footman—and another lady, a prominent character, never speaking until the close of the third volume, &c. The style is insipid and garrulous; and the minor incidents that relieve the more exciting catastrophes, are dwelt upon at an immoderate length. The following is part of a description of a fête at the Great Hall.

"Dr. Beauchamp and I then passed the wine from before us; and the doctor, who is certainly the most universally agreeable man in conversation whom I ever met with, began some long tale exactly suited to the capacity of his audience. This relation, though not in the least low or vulgar, was yet excessively amusing, and was moreover interspersed with some of the finest Christian sentiments, which burst in here and there upon his narrative, like the rays of meridian glory through the vistas of a shady copse.

"In the meantime, the decaunters were very active, and I think that I had the honour of giving them eight or ten moves in the space of half-an-hour; at the expiration of which time, that most respectable and important personage, Mr. Porter, announced the infusion of the Chinese herb.

"We immediately obeyed the summons, in order that we might not be deficient in politeness to the Mrs. Helmsleys. The post of honour was again assigned me; and as we filed off through the hall and up the great stairs, I could not help comparing myself to some little fifer or drummer preceding a line of recruits.

"At length, the folding-doors of the drawing-room were thrown open by Mr. Porter, (who was ever alive to the duties of his office,) and we entered; and some of us being inspired by the juice of the grape, and others by the exhi-

larating influence of the ladies' smiles, we ventured to intermingle ourselves among the fair ones of the company, and to take our places here and there, on sofas, chairs, or stools, as our will inclined, or as circumstances permitted.

"As Lucy and Sophia were without the circle, deeply engaged in conversation with their companions, Eugenius and Theodore, while Mrs. Beauchamp was entrenched between two of the Misses Finchley, I was driven, rather by a sort of repelling force exercised upon me by the rest of the ladies, than by any inherent quality of attraction possessed by the person herself, to ensconce myself in an immense chair next to Mrs. Winifred, who was undoubtedly by far the least unpleasant female in the room, after those whose names I have just mentioned. She immediately entered into conversation with me in a very lively manner; and the doctor bringing his forces in the same direction, our corner became very animated, and Mrs. Winifred laughed very heartily, each merry peal being repeated in fainter murmurs by the ever ready echoes on her left.

"In the meantime, the steward, who had swallowed down with his wine his usual awe of his household goddesses, (that is to say, the Mrs. Helmsleys,) and Mr. Barnaby Semple, who was in some degree similarly circumstanced, made themselves very busy among the ladies, in handing the cake, which they took off from the massive silver salvers held by the footmen, for the purpose of showing their superior gallantry. They likewise added to this piece of service various other little attentions, such as are often very useful in varying the tedium of an afternoon visit, and in passing away some awkward moments.

"At length, all appearances of tea, cake, coffee, and salvers, having passed away, there was a kind of pause, during which the ladies busied themselves in drawing on their gloves.

"Mr. Airley," said Mrs. Winifred, who always treated me with great respect, 'you will not, I hope, be offended at our old-fashioned custom: but as this is a sort of gala-day, which comes only once a year, we always conclude it with a dance, and in this dance every respectable person who has been invited to the several tables is allowed to mingle. It has been a custom in the family from our grandfather's time, and one from which we never depart.'

"Yes," repeated Mrs. Grizzly, 'it was a custom in the family in our grandfather's time, and one from which we never depart.'

"From which we never depart," re-echoed Mrs. Judy.

"And why should you, ladies," I replied, 'since it makes the poor people happy? and though I am not myself a dancer, yet I shall have great amusement in witnessing the scene.'

"Mrs. Winifred politely expressed her regret at my never dancing, saying, 'Really, Mr. Airley, I am sure you can dance, and well too. I cannot be mistaken in the carriage of one who is well acquainted with that elegant accomplishment.'

"Well acquainted with that elegant accomplishment," said Mrs. Grizzly.

"Elegant accomplishment," said Mrs. Judy."

If obliged to state that Roxobel is a foolish book, we do not the less recognize Mrs. Sherwood's ability and excellence, and should be sorry to forget the very many instances in which she has done the juvenile state great service. If she had not formerly written so much, she would not have written badly now.

The Speeches of the Right Hon. William Huskisson; with a Biographical Memoir supplied to the Editor from Authentic Sources. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Murray.

THE very nature of this work makes it impossible for us to do justice to its merits. These speeches, full of sound theories, and abounding in practical wisdom and experience, must be read through to be felt and valued at their worth; there is nothing in them of mere oratory—not one word of idle declamation or display—the imagination is held in and curbed hard; their power and excellence is close, consecutive, unadorned argument, illustrated by extensive and varied knowledge. We must, therefore, rest content with recommending the work as the best manual on all questions relating to the trade and commerce and international policy of this country. To the biographical memoir prefixed, we may do more justice.

Mr. Huskisson was the son of a respectable country gentleman of small fortune. The stories of his illegitimacy, of his having been apprenticed to an apothecary, and subsequently a banker's clerk, are all false. These, indeed, are circumstances of no moment, but it is thought well to contradict them. From a very early period in life he gave promise of talent, and of those talents—that singular aptitude for arithmetical calculations, and for unravelling the mystery of involved questions—for which he afterwards became so eminently conspicuous. When about fourteen he went to Paris to reside with his great uncle, Dr. Gan, a practising physician there. As he grew up, he naturally took an increasing interest in the political prospects of that country; he was present at the taking of the Bastille in July 1789; in the following year he became a member of the "Club of 1789," but, as he himself stated publicly at Liverpool, he never was a member of the Jacobin Club. The prospectus of the 'Journal de la Société de 1789,' from which the principles of the associated members may be inferred, as well as his speech, so often referred to and misrepresented, are given in an appendix to the third volume of this work. In the same year Mr. Huskisson accepted the office of private secretary to Lord Gower, then ambassador in France; and when, after the dreadful 10th of August, and the deposition of Louis XVI., the British ambassador was recalled, Mr. Huskisson returned with him.

A necessity now arose for making some provision for the numerous body of miserable emigrants who had taken refuge in England, and for the enforcement of the Alien Bill, and Mr. Huskisson was appointed to the office; his ability and application soon gained for him the entire confidence of Mr. Pitt. It was at this time that he first became acquainted with Mr. Canning, and a friendship then began which continued unshaken through life. In 1795, Mr. Huskisson was appointed Under-Secretary of State in the department of War and Colonies; and from the various duties of Mr. Dundas, then Secretary, the executive direction mainly devolved on him. In 1796 he came into parliament, as member for Morpeth, under the patronage of Lord Carlisle; and it is worthy of observation, that, eminent and conspicuous as he afterwards became there, he did not

address the House for more than two years and then only in a short speech. It is, indeed said to have been so late as 1809, and on Col. Wardle's proposing his plan of public economy, that he first came forward as a principal speaker in a general debate. In 1799 he married the youngest daughter of Admiral Milbank;—

"an union, in every respect, most gratifying to his friends, and which proved to himself a source of unchequered and increasing happiness, till it was torn asunder by the dreadful catastrophe which has left her no other worldly consolation, than the remembrance of the virtues which adorned him, and that which may be gathered from the universal sympathy of the world, which deplores and participates in her loss." i. 44.

On the death of his uncle, Dr. Gan, who bequeathed to him an estate in Worcestershire, and appointed him residuary legatee, he purchased Earham, in Sussex. In 1801, when Mr. Pitt retired from the Premiership, Mr. Huskisson tendered his resignation, but continued to hold office for a short time under Lord Hobart. At the general election in 1802, he offered himself as candidate for Dover, in opposition to the government candidate, but unsuccessfully; and he did not come into parliament till 1804. On Mr. Pitt's return to office, Mr. Huskisson was appointed one of the Secretaries of the Treasury; and when, on the death of the Minister, "the Talents" came into power, he became an active member of the opposition. On the formation of the Duke of Portland's administration, he again resumed his situation at the Treasury, and, on the dissolution of parliament which followed, he was returned member for Harwich.

On the dissensions that arose between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, and the retirement of the latter,

"Mr. Huskisson steadily resisted the earnest entreaties of Mr. Perceval to continue in the government, and rejecting, without a moment's hesitation, all the flattering offers which were made to him, followed the fortunes of his friend. A greater or more disinterested proof of attachment was never, perhaps, given than was manifested in this decision. From the very nature of his office, Mr. Huskisson was far removed from all participation in the causes or progress of the disagreement, which ended in such an unfortunate result; and, however closely connected by the ties of private friendship with one of the parties, his continuance in office with Mr. Perceval could not, in the remotest degree, have compromised either his public or private character. By postponing the suggestions of legitimate ambition to the dictates of friendship, he was perfectly aware that he was opening to younger competitors an opportunity of passing him in that arduous career, in which he had for so many years, and with such indefatigable exertions, been advancing, and this, too, at the critical moment when the object of his labours was almost within his view; while it was evident that the opportunity now rejected might, and probably would, be long ere it could be recalled. Uninfluenced by all these considerations, Mr. Huskisson, at the age of forty, gave to the world this convincing proof of the strength and purity of that regard for Mr. Canning, both as a friend and as a minister, which ended only in death,—a proof which was subsequently renewed, on more than one occasion, and with a similar sacrifice of all personal ambition." i. 51-2.

In 1810, he produced his celebrated pamphlet on the Currency System; and to perfect the very valuable work before us, it has been here reprinted.

Upon the dissolution of parliament, Mr. Huskisson was elected member for Chichester. He had long resided in the neighbourhood, and was well known and greatly respected there—he was indebted for the honour to no borough influence or borough lord, but to the support of independent men who knew him well, and respected both his private and his public character.

In 1814, Mr. Canning went ambassador to Lisbon, and Mr. Huskisson was appointed Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, and sworn of the Privy Council.

"It has been lately stated, in a work of great authority, that he did so reluctantly; and that he was only 'induced to do so, because the Government had made it the condition of enrolling in its ranks those of his personal friends who had attached themselves to his political fortunes.'† Who the friends were, for whom Mr. Canning sacrificed himself on this occasion, it is not pretended to guess. But as Mr. Huskisson, it is believed, was the only one of those friends who was appointed to the chief direction of a department, an inference might be drawn, that it was for his advancement principally that Mr. Canning took upon himself the unpopularity which was attached to the Lisbon Embassy. This inference is distinctly repelled on the part of Mr. Huskisson's friends. If any faith is to be placed in the anecdotes of the times, it would be contradicted by what was then currently reported, and often alluded to, even in Parliament; namely, that Mr. Canning had, not long before his appointment, released his adherents from all political allegiance, and, as Mr. Whitbread sarcastically expressed it, told them 'to shift for themselves.' But without attaching any importance to what was possibly merely an idle report, it must appear rather incredible, that no expedient could have been devised, by which the services of Mr. Huskisson could be made palatable to the Government, short of endangering Mr. Canning's public reputation; or that Government should have been, all of a sudden, so blind to the value of the former, as to have made his admission to office contingent upon the appointment of the latter to a post, the acceptance of which he was well aware would enable his enemies 'to misrepresent and calumniate' him. On the contrary, it is only due to the memory of Mr. Huskisson to say, that, however closely united to Mr. Canning in private and in political friendship, he has a fair and indisputable right to be considered as the worker out of his own greatness. His connexion with Mr. Canning may have retarded—it certainly did not hasten—his rise to the highest offices of the State." 65-6.

From this time Mr. Huskisson took a more prominent part in the debates in parliament. In 1822, when the Marquis of Londonderry, then Premier, moved his resolutions, declaratory of the views of government, in relation to the prevailing distress among the agriculturists, which Mr. Huskisson successfully opposed, he immediately tendered his resignation, but his lordship was content to retain his services.

On the death of that nobleman, and the succession of Mr. Canning, Mr. Huskisson was appointed President of the Board of Trade and Treasurer of the Navy, and early in the following autumn a Cabinet Minister; and when Mr. Canning found it necessary to retire from the fatiguing duties of member for Liverpool, Mr. Huskisson was chosen his successor.

Not only by the superior office Mr. Huskisson now held, but by the weight and in-

† "Political Life of Mr. Canning, by A. G. Stapleton, Esq., vol. i. p. 70."

fluence of Mr. Canning, he was enabled to carry into partial effect those wise regulations respecting the trade of the country, which, as they opposed the general interest to the interests of individuals, were fiercely objected to, are still strangely misrepresented or misunderstood, but which must ultimately be followed up to their theoretical truth, if the trade of this country be ever to rest on any permanent basis, and avoid those ruinous fluctuations, to which of late years it has been so often subjected. It is true, and it is to be regretted, that his liberal policy exposed him to a fierce and almost personal opposition—that he was not supported as he ought to have been by the people themselves, whose interest he so faithfully considered—he had nothing, indeed, to oppose to the selfish bitterness of his opponents—to ignorance and prejudice, but the integrity of his motives, and the wisdom of his measures. For the best exposition of his policy, the reader who honestly desires to be informed should refer to these volumes.

On the attack of Lord Liverpool, and Mr. Canning's succession to the Premiership, Mr. Huskisson, of course, continued in office with him; but his health was so shaken that a journey on the continent and total separation from business were considered absolutely necessary for his recovery. He accordingly proceeded through France to Germany, and into the Tyrol;—there he heard of the alarming illness of Mr. Canning—he returned immediately to Paris, and on his route, heard of its fatal termination. Soon after he received from Lord Goderich, who had been appointed his successor, the offer of the Board of Trade.

"It was not without considerable hesitation,—not, it may safely be asserted, without considerable reluctance—that Mr. Huskisson was persuaded to decide upon continuing in office. His secret inclinations certainly leant the other way, and he only yielded at last to the arguments and expostulations of his friends; who represented the dissolution of the government, and the consequent annihilation of Mr. Canning's system of policy, as the too probable result of his refusal,—arguments and expostulations, which were enforced by the special commands of his sovereign."

"It would almost seem that Mr. Huskisson had felt a prophetic misgiving of those complicated and unexpected accidents which, in a few months, overwhelmed this ill-fated administration; so unwillingly did he give his final assent.

"He left Paris on the 25th, and on his road to Boulogne received other dispatches, which, in the announcement of the nomination of Herries as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and of the misunderstanding consequent upon it, proved the first confirmation of his apprehensions, and showed how reasonable had been the doubts which had delayed his own determination. He reached London on the 28th, and on the following morning waited on the King at Windsor, who had been impatiently expecting him. A long negotiation commenced, and after some explanations and much difficulty, Lord Lansdowne, at His Majesty's special request, consented to withdraw the resignation which he had tendered; Mr. Huskisson at the same time accepted the seals of the Colonial Department, and Mr. Herries was sworn in as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Such is the faithful narrative of these transactions, as far as Mr. Huskisson was implicated. With what passed before his arrival in England this Memoir has no concern."

Mr. Huskisson accepted office, and soon applied his master mind to carry into effect

those commercial regulations with respect to our colonies, which had occupied so much of his attention—but

"Towards the close of the year it became generally understood that Lord Goderich's administration had melted away like a snow-wreath, and that measures were in progress for forming a new one. An ineffectual attempt had been previously made to avert the entire dissolution of the existing government. By command of His Majesty, Mr. Huskisson opened a communication with Lord Harrowby. His lordship waited upon the King at Windsor, but no inducements could prevail upon him to accept the post of prime minister, to which he pleaded his want of health as an insurmountable objection, and this proposed arrangement fell to the ground. A yet further delay then ensued; and there are strong grounds for believing, that had Mr. Huskisson listened to the voice of ambition, the situation of minister was within his grasp: but the recent fate of Mr. Canning was a warning, which might have deterred a mind more full of aspiring ambition than Mr. Huskisson's from accepting, under parallel circumstances, that post, which the fiat of the aristocracy had declared should be held only by one of their own order. After another short interval of doubt, the commission to form a new administration was finally entrusted to the Duke of Wellington; and before January expired the new arrangements were made public." i. 144-5.

Mr. Huskisson's remaining in office under the Duke of Wellington at this time, and under all circumstances, was a proceeding much questioned;—his conduct is ably and temperately defended in this work; but not satisfactorily, judging from our feelings; and the result proves, that the general judgment was right. The famous "mistake," as it was called, and all relating to it, which so soon followed, is perfectly well known, and therefore need not here be dwelt on.

Mr. Huskisson's health still continuing very delicate, he was again advised to try the air of the continent, and proceeded through Switzerland to Italy, and as far as Rome. On his return, his proceedings in parliament are too well known and too familiar to all to need recapitulating—but it is hinted at in the work, that offers were then made to him by the Ultra Tories. His health still declined and he suffered greatly from languor and debility. On the dissolution of parliament, he was again solicited to offer himself as candidate for Liverpool, by a requisition most numerous and respectfully signed, including the names of men of all parties. He was re-elected, of course. His subsequent visit, with its melancholy termination, are too recent, and were too painful, to have been forgotten; but some authenticated particulars are worth extracting here. It having been determined by the surgeons, that he was too much exhausted to justify them in proceeding to amputation, "Mrs. Huskisson was permitted to return, and attempts were made to create a reaction by administering powerful restoratives,—but in vain. Violent spasmodic convulsions rendered him gradually weaker, and occasionally wrung from him an expression of hope that his sufferings might not be prolonged. But although his agonies were almost past endurance, there were no unnecessary ejaculations—no murmurings against the dispensations of Providence,—on the contrary, he evinced throughout the most patient fortitude and resignation. The clearness of his mind continued perfect and unclouded. He made a codicil to his will, and gave directions on some minute points respecting the dis-

posal of several of his private papers. It is also perfectly true, that having signed his name, he desired to have the paper brought back to him, in order to rectify an omission which he had made in the usual mode of his signature.

"Soon after six o'clock, he desired to see Mr. Blackburne, in order to perform the last duties of religion. Before the Sacrament was administered, he used these words—'I can safely say that I bear no ill-will to any human being.' It was at first feared that this ceremony would be attended with some difficulty, as he had been for some time unable to raise his head, or to swallow, and had only had his lips moistened occasionally with a feather. He, however, summoned up all his expiring strength, and with great exertion partook of the elements. This done, he again expressed his anxiety for a speedy release; and even those about him, when they beheld his hopeless sufferings, no longer dared to wish them prolonged. Still, the kindness of his nature rose superior to his own agonies. Observing that her wretchedness had deprived Mrs. Huskisson of the power of utterance, and that she was incapable of replying even to the expression of some of his injunctions, he endeavoured to console her, and the last words which he addressed to her were an assurance, that he felt that they should meet again. He then recommended her to the care of Lord Wilton. Speaking of himself, he certainly used the expression which has been reported—'the Public have had the best of me, and I trust they will do me justice.' This was the only allusion which he made to his public character. He appeared to receive much gratification from the presence of Lord Granville, to whom he spoke several times in terms of the greatest affection. He continued, indeed, to be sensible of all that had been done for him, and grateful to all those around him, especially to Lord Wilton; upon whom he said he had no claim, as little previous acquaintance had subsisted between them. Soon after eight, it became evident that he was sinking rapidly, and at five minutes after nine, nature was completely exhausted, and he breathed his last, after nine hours of the most excruciating torture."

We have here given a bald and brief abstract of the memoir prefixed to this work, which is written with plain, unaffected good sense; and we strongly recommend the work to all who feel any interest in, or desire to inform themselves of the wisdom and policy of those measures, by which only this country can outstrip the rivalry and enterprise of other nations, and which no man understood so well or enforced so clearly as Mr. Huskisson.

We ought to mention that a very admirable likeness is prefixed, engraved by W. Finden, from a portrait by Sir T. Lawrence.

The Life and Adventures of Nathaniel Pearce, written by himself, during a Residence in Abyssinia, from 1810 to 1819; together with Mr. Coffin's Account of his Visit to Gondar. Edited by J. J. Halls, Esq. 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

HAVING described and commended this work in our first notice, it now only remains for us to continue our extracts from it. So little is known of the Abyssinians, that even trifling notices are interesting and have their value:

The Abyssinians, it appears, "keep no account from the year, or month, in which they were born, but from the time that such a king, Ras, Gushmarsh, or governor of the province to which they belong, reigned or governed. Thus, when you ask any one how old he is, he will tell you that he was born in the reign of such a king, or Ras, &c., leaving you to find out how many years ago that may be, and the nearest account

you can get from him is, that he was born in the beginning, middle, or end of their reign"—indeed, they keep no account of time, but compute it by measuring so many lengths of the foot given by the shade of the body on level ground.

Pearce gives an account of a strange disorder to which the Abyssinian women are subject, and of the still more strange cure. He was himself, at first, a little incredulous; and when his own wife was seized with the disorder, he tried, as the ordinary remedies are expensive, the more intelligible one of a horse-whip, but without success:—

"This is a very wonderful disorder, which I cannot pass over in silence, though the reader may think it fabulous and ridiculous; yet we have accounts of something of the same kind in the New Testament, which the priests and learned men of Abyssinia believe to be the same complaint. This complaint is called *tigretier*; it is more common among the women than among the men. The *tigretier* seizes the body as if with a violent fever, and from that turns to a lingering sickness, which reduces the patients to skeletons, and often kills them, if the relations cannot procure the proper remedy. During this sickness their speech is changed to a kind of stuttering, which no one can understand but those afflicted with the same disorder. When the relations find the malady to be the real *tigretier*, they join together to defray the expenses of curing it; the first remedy they in general attempt, is to procure the assistance of a learned Dofter, who reads the Gospel of St. John, and drenches the patient with cold water daily for the space of seven days—an application that very often proves fatal. The most effectual cure, though far more expensive than the former, is as follows. The relations hire for a certain sum of money a band of trumpeters, drummers, and fifers, and buy a quantity of liquor; then all the young men and women of the place assemble at the patient's house, to perform the following most extraordinary ceremony.

"I once was called in by a neighbour to see his wife, a very young woman, and of whom he was very fond, who had the misfortune to be afflicted with this disorder; and the man being an old acquaintance of mine, and always a close comrade in the camp, I went every day, when at home, to see her, but I could not be of any service to her, though she never refused my medicines. At this time I could not understand a word she said, although she talked very freely, nor could any of her relations understand her. She could not bear the sight of a book or a priest, for at the sight of either she struggled, and was apparently seized with acute agony, and a flood of tears, like blood mingled with water, would pour down her face from her eyes. She had lain three months in this lingering state, living upon so little that it seemed not enough to keep a human body alive; at last her husband agreed to employ the usual remedy, and, after preparing for the maintenance of the band, during the time it would take to effect the cure, he borrowed from all his neighbours their silver ornaments, and loaded her legs, arms, and neck with them.

"The evening that the band began to play, I seated myself close by her side as she lay upon the couch, and, about two minutes after the trumpets had begun to sound, I observed her shoulders begin to move, and soon afterwards her head and breast, and in less than a quarter of an hour she sat upon her couch. The wild look she had, though sometimes she smiled, made me draw off to a greater distance, being almost alarmed to see one nearly a skeleton move with such strength; her head, neck, shoulders, hands, and feet, all made a strong motion to the sound of the music, and in this

manner she went on by degrees until she stood up on her legs upon the floor. Afterwards she began to dance, and at times to jump about, and at last, as the music and noise of the singers increased, she often sprang three feet from the ground. When the music slackened, she would appear quite out of temper, but, when it became louder, she would smile and be delighted. During this exercise she never showed the least symptom of being tired, though the musicians were thoroughly exhausted; and when they stopped to refresh themselves by drinking and resting a little, she would discover signs of discontent.

"Next day, according to the custom in the cure of this disorder, she was taken into the market-place, where several jars of *maize* or *tug* were set in order by the relations, to give drink to the musicians and dancers. When the crowd had assembled, and the music was ready, she was brought forth and began to dance and throw herself into the maddest postures imaginable, and in this manner she kept on the whole day. Towards evening she began to let fall her silver ornaments from her neck, arms, and legs, one at a time, so that in the course of three hours she was stripped of every article. A relation continually kept going after her as she danced, to pick up the ornaments, and afterwards delivered them to the owners from whom they were borrowed. As the sun went down, she made a start with such swiftness, that the fastest runner could not come up with her, and, when at the distance of about two hundred yards, she dropped on a sudden, as if shot. Soon afterwards, a young man, on coming up with her, fired a matchlock over her body, and struck her upon the back with the broad side of his large knife, and asked her name, to which she answered as when in her common senses, a sure proof of her being cured; for, during the time of this malady, those afflicted with it never answer to their Christian name. She was now taken up in a very weak condition and carried home, and a priest came and baptized her again in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, which ceremony concluded her cure."

There are, it appears, practices in both countries that have a great analogy. Pearce left England when young, and was long absent, or he would hardly have described the following as peculiar:—

"There are a number of people in different parts of Abyssinia, who get their living by *mogot* and *sheffart*, which signify 'lawyering and cheating.'" i. 310.

So, too, the following is but the Abyssinian fashion of "introducing" a daughter—a little more patriarchal indeed, but not otherwise differing from the usage of European nations:—

"I shall now give some account of the way in which the Abyssinians procure husbands for their daughters. The Amhara, as well as the Tigre, when they fancy their daughter old enough to take a husband, which is in general, especially among the Amhara, incredibly young, plait her hair very neat, and blacken her eyes with a mineral called *cohot*, which they obtain from the caravans from Egypt. They also die her hands with a root called *socella*, resembling our sweet potato, of a dark red colour. She is then placed constantly at the door in dry weather, either spinning or clearing corn, so that every one who passes may behold her; and she is, taught by the mother to turn up the whites of her eyes, (which are in general very large,) when young men or strangers pass, and put on a smiling look, between modesty and bravery, when answering their questions. If any man take a liking to a girl in this situation, let him be young or old, he either goes or sends to the

mother, or any near relation she may have, and asks for her. . . .

"Those of a higher rank, such as chiefs of districts, farmers, or tradesmen, in general look out for some person's son of the same station as themselves, and the marriage is agreed on in the presence of the *shummegildas*, the father and mother of each giving a dowry. Only half the quantity of the girl's dowry is given to the son, though in Amhara both are equal. If it be a chief's son or daughter, the parents give a certain number of matchlocks, swords, cattle, cloths, hard money, and salt, the common currency of the country. The marriage is celebrated in great style." i. 314-16.

Pearce seems to have had great faith in the judicious application of the horse-whip; and he was certainly more successful on the following occasion:—

"The Ras had often conversed with me, telling me the power these people had, and what dangerous enemies they were to those who offended them; to which I always replied, that it was only a foolish superstition of the ignorant, and that they had no power more than other people, and ought rather to be punished as impostors. Through frequent conversations he began, I saw, to be of my opinion, but dared not show it, for fear of giving umbrage to the priests. A Gojam Dofter came one day to ask the Ras to put him at the head of the clergy of some country district, assuring him that he could prevent the ravages of the smallpox, of the destructive locust, or of hail. The Ras, smiling, recommended him to me and Mr. Coffin, who were then sitting at dinner with him. In consequence, he made his bow, and addressed himself to us. On our return home, he followed us, and we ordered our gatekeeper to permit him to enter the yard, while I and Mr. Coffin went into the house, and soon returned with two English cart-whips, that came with the artillery harness and carriages brought by Mr. Salt. The Dofter smiled at seeing those long weapons, and asked the use of them. 'We are going to show you,' said Mr. Coffin; and I immediately added, in a serious tone, 'If you can save others from the wrath of God, save yourself from the whipping you are going to receive;' on which we both began to lay on, till he fell at our feet, imploring mercy, declaring he had no more power than his fellow-creatures. After this acknowledgment, we gave him his bellyful of victuals, raw meat and maize, and turned him out of the yard, when he asked us for money, which we refused, and he became very troublesome and abusive. At last he so provoked Mr. Coffin, that he took his blunderbuss, charged it, put the blood of a fowl which he had just killed on the top of the powder, and went to the gate and discharged it at him; when the man, seeing himself covered with blood, took to his heels and ran up to the top of a small mountain, where he remained till the evening, when he descended and went to the Ras's gate, calling out *Abbate! Abbate!* [justice]; and stating that the white man had shot him. Upon this, the Ras sent for me and Mr. Coffin, to inquire into the matter, when, hearing the truth of the affair, he laughed heartily, and dismissed the fellow, who departed, and was never heard of more in that part of the country. For several weeks after, the old Ras would laugh heartily at dinner time over the story.

"Another time we produced the same effect upon one of these impostors, with a number of squibs and crackers, that came from England also, which we threw upon him through the roof, into a close room, where he was writing his charms, and drawing the picture of hell, the devil, &c., which frightened him so much that he broke open the door, and leaving his cap and turban, with all the utensils of his art, be-

hind him, he ran off, and never returned. This also furnished great amusement to the old gentleman, though he never durst say anything against these wretches in public, even when he was himself convinced.

"There was also a great Dofter who used to travel about the country of Endertra for several years, and had become very rich by cheating the poor and ignorant. This Dofter used to attend the sick, and was employed to purify places supposed to be haunted by the devil, &c. He used always to commence his operations in the heat of the sun, when he would order all fires to be removed from near the spot, and would then sit down on a dry place near the door, and tell the people to withdraw to a little distance while he prayed, during which time he would, by the assistance of the bottom of a broken glass, set fire to some dry horse-dung, with the rays of the sun; he would then throw on some frankincense to make a great smoke, and, rising up with his face towards heaven, would call his ignorant employers, telling them in an awful tone, that 'God had heard him, and sent down fire from heaven to destroy all their enemies, visible or invisible.' This I found out by my own investigation, having produced the same effect with the bottom of a broken *bruly*, or bottle, which experiment I showed to the Ras. Still, none durst disbelieve the Dofter." i. 332-5.

We have other extracts to make from this work, but must defer them for the present.

Poetical Sketches of the South of France.

By the Rev. B. Bailey, M.A., Senior Colonial Chaplain of the Island of Ceylon. 8vo. London, 1831. Rodwell.

SOME years since, when full of health and spirits, and when life was but a round of excitement and pleasure, we strolled off the course at Epsom into the Paddock, and were startled by the singing of nightingales, and the strange change threw us back on thoughts and feelings that had no sympathy with the world around us. So, now, accustomed to the glitter and display of modern literature, this small volume, the outpourings of a gentle nature, came upon us like the singing of the nightingales. There are feelings and sympathies that are crushed within us in the bustle of this everyday world, and its various cares and duties; that lie cold and dead, until some kindred spirit, with a voice as it were the voice of a long-separated friend, awakens them. How many or how few may agree with us, we know not, and shall therefore dwell no longer on the subject, but proceed to extracts. The following sonnet was

Written in France, during the Appearance of the Comet in 1828.

When I behold the glory of the sky,
As bends the blue vault, beautiful and bright,
Above my head on this soft southern night—
When vainly I endeavour to descry
The Comet wandering mid the infinity
Of starry orbs where angels dwell, my sight,
Blent with my mind, soars upward with delight,
Swimming in silent, sober ecstasy.
In swift succession throng sad thoughts of grief—
Of friends far distant in my native clime—
Of one more near, yet sickening in her prime
Of life, which shows as Autumn's yellow leaf.
But when life ends, Faith whispers we shall be
Among those stars, from earthly sorrows free.

A Night Scene in the South of France.

By Grief and melancholy thoughts depress'd
I come to breathe the midnight air: the Moon
Is riding glorious at her highest noon;
And such a sky encircles her chaste crest,
As, with her soft beams, should to every breast
Waft happy thoughts—but mine are out of tune.
O lovely Planet, grant me but the boon
Of weak content-like thine,—and I am bless'd.
I've gazed upon thee in another clime,—
My native country, colder, yet more kind

Than this strange land: but in the round of time
I never felt more need of thy dear light
To chase away my sorrow, and unwind
The thread of my dark thoughts on this fair night.

The following very beautiful little poem was written by an American gentleman, who had been Editor of a Journal in the United States, and died at Marseilles of a consumption:—

"Among this gentleman's papers was found the poem, entitled 'The Closing Scene—Burial at Sea.' It appeared that he had been very apprehensive of dying on the passage, particularly after he had got into the Mediterranean. He accordingly made very particular inquiries as to the mode of burial at sea; and the beautiful poem on that subject was the result of those inquiries. It was written on two detached pieces of paper. On the first the poem ended at the twenty-second line—

The sea rolled on as it rolled before.

The last lines were found on another detached piece of paper,—probably in his writing-desk or portfolio,—and these words were written at the commencement:—'End of the Burial at Sea. The rest in my trunk.' It would seem that he had not health or nerve to seek the first paper. The whole was addressed to a female friend, whose name was prefixed to the first part of the poem." p. 116, n.

The Closing Scene.

BURIAL AT SEA.

From his room to the deck they brought him dressed
For his funeral rites, at his own request,
With his boots, and stock, and garments on,
And nought but the breathing spirit gone;
For he wished a child might come and lay
An unstartled hand upon his clay.
Then they wrapped his corpse in the tarry sheet,
To the dead, as Araby's spices, sweet,
And prepared him to seek the depths below,
Where waves never beat, nor tempests blow.

No steeds with their nodding plumes were here,
No sable hearse, and no coffin-bier,
To bear with parade and pomp away
The dead to sleep with his kindred clay.
But the little group, a silent few,
His companions, mixed with the hardy crew,
Stood thoughtful around till a prayer was said
O'er the corpse of the dead, unconscious dead.
Then they bore his remains to the vessel's side,
And committed them safe to the dark blue tide:
One sullen plunge—and the scene is o'er—
The sea rolled on as it rolled before.

In that classical sea, whose azure vies
With the green of its shore, and the blue of its skies,
In some pearly cave, in some coral cell,
Oh! the dead shall sleep as sweetly, as well,
As if shrined in the pomp of Parian tombs,
Where the east and the south breathe their rich perfumes.
Nor forgotten shall be the humblest one,
Though he sleep in the watery waste alone,
When the Trump of the Angel sounds with dread,
And the Sea, like the Earth, gives up his dead.

We regret that, upon occasions, the fine and universal sympathy which ought to distinguish such a writer, is narrowed by unbecoming prejudice;—for instance, the fourth sonnet and the third note are sadly out of place; but, notwithstanding these our objections, his little volume will be welcome to many, and most welcome to the gentle and the good.

NATIONAL LIBRARY—No. XI.

The Lives of Celebrated Travellers. By J. A. St. John. Vol. I. London, 1831. Colburn & Bentley.

If there be anything in a name, Mr. St. John is unfortunate; but it happens with authors as with infants, that they are not always consulted on these christening occasions. The prefixing NATIONAL to a work is enough to 'Nicodemus' the writer into an idiot, as Mr. Shandy would have said. Mr. Shandy's aversion indeed was *Triatram*, which he believed could produce nothing in *rerum natura* but what was low, mean, pitiful, and contemptible—ours has been NATIONAL. Mr.

Shandy was wrong, as the memoirs of his own son testified; and that we have erred, Mr. St. John has put to proof. His work is hardly to be considered as biographical—it is a series of well-compiled narratives from the earlier travellers, and extremely interesting. The idea was excellent, and he has done himself and the subject justice. We have not lately seen a book more likely to become extensively popular—certainly none that more deserves to be so.

Robinson Crusoe. Illustrated with forty-six characteristic wood engravings, finely executed from drawings by Harvey. London, 1831. Baldwin & Cradock.

THIS is the third edition of this universal book that within two or three months we have been required to report on. The first, published by Cochrane & Pickersgill, was neat and cheap, but the illustrations were indifferent. Major's edition is for library shelves and typographical admiration—perfect in paper and print. But this is the volume for the pocket, for the school-boy, for use and abuse, for dogs' ears, dirty fingers, and delight. There is no artist we should have sooner selected to illustrate the work than Mr. Harvey had we been consulted, and Whittingham has a patent right to print Robinson Crusoe; his very type has been familiar from boyhood; we grew young again as we turned over the illustrated leaves, and grieved that the dull drudgery of criticism compelled us to lay aside the volume. It is one of the best presents for young people we have seen for a long time; and being, as we are, blessed "with a blush of brave boys" for nephews, it will put us to some cost.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

SONG OF OUTLAWED GIPSIES IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

LET those praise law whom law befriends;
We view it as a knife,
Whose haft the rich man grasps, and bends
The point against our life.

We nothing pay, we nothing owe;
All fortune sends we take,—
What fattens in the stream below,
Above, in field or brake.

In cloth we dress us, without cost,
The best that loom may weave:
We draw stout ale, we bake, we roast,
And ask no trader's leave.

Can courtly dames a joy impart,
Than Zilla's lips more sweet;
Their dance bewitch, with all its art,
Like Zilla's wanton feet?

The abbot snores in gloomy tower,
A quarry round his bed;
The noble revels in carved bower,
Beneath his roof of lead.

For us, Almighty God has built
A vault of glorious blue,
With countless stars, all richly gilt,
Which changing nights renew.

The same free hand our couch has spread—
Fresh grass and blossoms sweet;
The oak's live root beneath our head,
A watch-fire at our feet.

We sleep, and blackbirds, warbling gay,
(While breezes fan each face)
Wake us, to seek, as wide as they,
Our food by wile or chase.

And when the grave's dark bounds we pass,
These wilds no more to see,
Without the shaveling's purchased mass,
We'll fare as well as he.

SEJOMOL.

HINTS FOR THE HISTORY OF ROMAN LITERATURE. No. I.

WHILE the extent and duration of the Roman dominion over the material world has been the favourite theme of poets, orators, and historians, little regard has been bestowed on the wider and more permanent empire which the genius of Rome established over the realms of literature. Yet the triumphs of that colossal power were as great in intellectual as in political pre-eminence; its influence as extensive, its authority as resistless, and its effects as pernicious. But magnitude is not the only point of similitude between the mental and physical sway of "the eternal city": there is a striking, though perhaps a whimsical analogy between the means by which both were established, the circumstances which gave them durability, and the consequences by which they were attended. If the refined political institutions of Athens and Sparta, equally with the barbarous forms of government in the north and east, melted into one imperial rule, so also did the wild grandeur of oriental poetry, the rich elegance of Grecian bards, and the rude lays of our northern ancestors all yield to the influence of Rome, and aid in the formation of a literature which was alone deemed classical. In all her conquests, both over mind and matter, Rome fought with borrowed weapons: the religion that inspired her citizens with a confidence in the protection of heaven, was borrowed from the Tuscans; the Samnites instructed her soldiers in military tactics; Gaul gave the sword, and Greece the shield; Carthage sent the model of that navy which was to ensure her own destruction;—all these elements of power were, by a process of assimilation, peculiar to the Roman state, formed into parts of its constitution: like the monster in Frankenstein, the members were taken from a thousand carcasses, and moulded into an organized whole of amazing energy and resistless prowess. The literature of Rome possessed as little claims to originality as its constitution. The ideas, the metres, even a great portion of the language, were imported from Greece, and adopted as native with as little hesitation as political or martial improvements.

The means by which these empires were established, consisted in persuading the conquered that the substituted laws and canons were far superior to the unlicensed wildness previously permitted. There was a standard of civility, and a standard of taste; it was equally fashionable to be a Roman citizen and a classical writer. For the empty boast of belonging to Imperial Rome, men resigned their independence, their freedom, and their sense of moral dignity. The Spaniard looked with greater reverence on an official personage dressed in all the foppery of the Roman prefecture, than on the Cantabrian chieftain, who preferred liberty to refinement, and the free air of the mountains and forest to the polluted atmosphere of the municipal towns. Britons learned to offer their homage to the gaudy slave who administered justice in some petty district, rather than to the noble Galgacus on the Caledonian mountains, checking the Roman eagle at the moment it towered in the highest pride of place. With equal tameness was the supremacy of classical literature acknowledged, and with equal destruction of all that is truly sublime; originality and nationality, the great elements of literary power, were positively discouraged—they were not merely neglected, but persecuted. It is perhaps well that history has recorded the actions of the successful alone, and that a veil of oblivion hides from us the harrowing sight of genius crushed down by trammels from which it vainly struggled to escape, or, if by chance it forced its way beyond the limits of the prison, brought back by a *posse comitatus* of classical writers, and unmercifully castigated by a host of classical critics. It is perhaps well

that we know not the value of those "gems of purest ray serene" which are hid in the fathomless caves of ocean, and cannot imagine the fragrance of those "flowers which blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air"; we can the more easily bear the loss when we are insensible of its value. But we know that the germs of national literature were destroyed in many European countries to make room for transplanted exotics, which alone were in consonance with the standard of classical taste. Spain resigned her ballads of chivalry and romance, which, even under the disadvantages of translation, speak to the soul with a trumpet sound, for imitations of Virgil, Horace, and Lucan; France, with equal facility, sacrificed the Troubadours and Trouveurs for an equally inadequate reward; Germany, always in extreme, was once as zealous for the utmost exactness of classical rule, as now for the wildest extreme of unlicensed indulgence; and England narrowly escaped the disgrace of seeing Shakespeare and Milton offered up as a holocaust, not before "the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up," but before a model of equally valuable materials which A. Pope[†] had erected. It is a curious coincidence that the Roman empire was consolidated, and the classical literature of Rome perfected, nearly at the same time. The age of Augustus was the consummation both of the moral and mental empire of the Romans; and the world has since usually designated the periods in which what is called classical literature ruled triumphant, as Augustan ages. England and France both can show periods in their annals honoured by this designation, if, indeed, those days can be deemed honourable when native resources were neglected, and the greater portion of our poetry was a foreign article, prepared by the British manufacturer after a foreign fashion.

The characteristics of the literature of all Augustan ages are nearly the same: the virtues are elegance, symmetry, and a refinement almost emasculate; the vices are weakness, fastidiousness, the sacrifice of energy to polish, and of strength to beauty, the restraint imposed on native vigour, and the almost total absence of originality. Another great defect is the facility with which these models may be imitated, and the surfeit of sweets with which the world must soon be disgusted. Virgil had a countless horde of imitators, whose works have long since gone to the Lethæan gulph. Lucan was saved because he dared to open new paths for himself; Statius and Valerius Maximus were redeemed by the brilliancy of detached passages; but how Silius Italicus escaped oblivion, is quite as great a problem as the fountains of the Nile. In the same manner we have had a thousand-and-one followers of Pope;—where are they now? From Broome down to Hayley, is there one who can find a reader? We still find people who launch

[†] The disadvantages in this case are not many, for Mr. Lockhart's translation preserves all the fire and spirit of the original.

[‡] This attempt at a pun had its origin in a ludicrous mistake, which the writer witnessed. When the excitement occasioned by the discussion of the Catholic question was at its height in Ireland, a young student in Trinity College incurred the displeasure of his friends, who were all Brunswickers, by zealously advocating liberal principles. As they resided in the country, it was impossible to remonstrate with him in person, but they wrote to a Methodist preacher in Dublin to pay him a visit for that purpose. The worthy ambassador called when the student was about to go to some lecture: he was requested to wait and amuse himself with the limited library in the chambers until the youth returned. The sapient preacher approached the book-case, and saw, with horror, that twelve volumes, the most imposing in appearance, were lettered on the back "The Works of A. Pope": he rushed from the rooms as from a pest-house, and wrote down to the country, that "the young man had become a confirmed Papist, and would study nothing but what had been written by the Pope"; and it was not without considerable difficulty that the consequences of this absurdity were averted.

out into extravagant encomiums on the literature of the Augustan age; but they would be the very first to cover with ridicule any publications of a similar style in the present day. How would Pope's Pastorals be received if published either in the east or west to-morrow? They are the very *beau idéal* of classical refinement—as refined and elegant as possible, disfigured by no allusions to nature as it really exists, and having just as little connexion with England as Virgil's Eclogues had with Italy; nay, in this respect they are more perfect, for the speakers and actors might, without any great violence, be transferred to any country under the sun. But how would they be received now? Why, with shouts of derision from every man, woman, and child in the land. The Roman empire over the British mind has at length terminated, and we are now beginning to feel surprise at our folly in having so long submitted to the yoke.

The hardy warriors who overthrew the Roman empire have been stigmatized as savages and barbarians; but, with all their ferocity and all their crimes, the Goths and Vandals were infinitely superior, in every ennobling quality, to the silken slaves whom they vanquished. The writers of the Romantic school, as they are sometimes termed, who have liberated the world from the fetters of classicism (excuse the term), have been met with equally opprobrious epithets, and certainly are equally conspicuous for their vehemence and determined hostility to old establishments. Still we are disposed to regard them with more veneration than we can afford to the effeminacy of those whom they have superseded. Let it be granted that Southey's Arabian and Asiatic Tales are wild to extravagance, and irregular to excess—that the writer has thrown off all restraint, and run riot through unexplored fields of imagination; still his songs are his own, and, with all their excesses (for his errors are all excesses rather than defects), they are far superior to the sickly sentimentality of Hayley and the mawkish delicacy of Robinson.

The influence of Rome in the literary world has survived its dominion over the political by several centuries, but its power now hastens to its fall. The outworks of its strength have been long destroyed, and breaches are now made in the citadel. Roman literature, however, must ever continue a stately fabric entitled to our admiration; we may view it as enfranchised serfs look on the baronial castle which long held their ancestors and themselves in subjection, and feel a natural curiosity to discover how and by whom the massive pile was erected, what architect erected the frowning battlements, and who traced the extensive ditch. But, though many still abide beneath the roof, no one has yet collected its scattered legends, no one has been found to trace its fortunes, from the laying of the first stone to the erection of the pinnacle on the last tower.

It is our intention to devote a short series of papers to the elucidation of the History of Roman Literature. It would be folly and presumption to suppose that we could thus supply the want of a regular work on this interesting but neglected subject; we may, however, invite to its consideration, persons possessing more leisure and ability than ourselves.

THE LATE JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A.

THE funeral of this distinguished painter took place at one o'clock on Wednesday last, at the Church of St. Marylebone, where his remains were deposited in a vault beneath that edifice. According to the directions of the deceased, the funeral was strictly private, consisting only of two mourning coaches containing his executors, his medical attendants, and one or two particular friends. A small number of artists, some of whom had long enjoyed the bene-

fit of his conversation, were waiting in attendance on this melancholy occasion; among whom were, Mr. Constable, R.A., Messrs. Hart, Hurlstone, Ward, Ellerby, &c. By all who can feel what is grand and effective in art, Mr. Northcote's merits as a painter will continue to be highly appreciated. His 'Death of Wat Tyler,' in the Council Chamber at Guildhall, his 'Bringing down the dead bodies of the Princes in the Tower,' his 'Marriage of the younger of those Infant Princes, with the Heiress of the House of Mowbray,' his 'Lady Jane Grey in Prison,' and numerous other similar productions, which made a strong impression at the time they were produced, will rank him among the fathers of English historic art, and prove that his mind was deeply imbued with the fine and pathetic stories of our middle ages. Add to these, the productions of his pen, consisting of the *Lives of Titian*, and *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, a volume of *Fables* illustrated with his own designs, and some other works written with that peculiar zest and truth, which his long experience, his deep knowledge of human nature, and his unswerving honesty of character, eminently qualified him for, will hand him down to posterity, as one of the distinguished characters of his time.

SKETCH OF THE DRAMATIC LIFE OF THE LATE MR. ELLISTON.

ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON commenced his London theatrical career, in June 1796, at the Haymarket, in the parts of *Octavian* in 'The Mountaineers,' and *Vapour* in 'My Grandmother.' His success in both was decided. Colman's 'Iron Chest,' with John Kemble as *Sir Edward Mortimer*, had been produced at Drury Lane the previous season, and acted only three times—"Due notice will be given of the fourth representation of 'The Iron Chest,'" having remained at the bottom of the play-bills, until the paragraph became the laughing-stock of the town. The disputes between the author and the actor, as to the causes of failure, had led to the publication of the well-known preface to the first edition of the play, in abuse of Kemble, and of the postscript to the second, in defiance of the critics, who had one and all attacked it. We do not remember Mr. Kemble's performance of the part, but there is little doubt, that, having once made up his mind as to the manner in which it ought to be played, neither audience, critics, nor author, would shake him from his purpose.

Upon Elliston's making a hit in *Octavian*, Colman lost no time in bringing out the 'Iron Chest' at the Haymarket, and the success of the new representative of *Sir Edward Mortimer* was so great, as at once to obtain a reversal of the public judgment on the play, and fix it as a stock-piece. It was certainly very powerfully played throughout. John Bannister as *Wilford*, and Suett as *Sampson Rawbold*, took their original parts. John Palmer's *Rawbold* was a decided improvement on Barrymore's, and Fawcett's *Adam Winterton* was not much behind Dodd's. Mr. Charles Kemble played the trifling part of *Armstrong*, and Mrs. Charles Kemble, then Miss De Camp, that of *Judith*. Elliston now rose so rapidly in public estimation, that although he was engaged at Bath for the following season, the manager of Covent Garden thought him of sufficient importance to make an arrangement with him, by which he should come up to town once a fortnight, for two or three nights. Here he played several new characters, among others, *Philaster*, in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy so called. When Cooke made his great impression in *Richard III.*, Elliston played *Tressel* with so much effect, that it was found of consequence enough to announce his performance of it separately in the play-bill. In 1803, the proprietor of the Haymarket

Theatre, whose short season had been gradually more and more encroached upon by the patent houses, made an effort to obtain an independent company, so as to play during the whole extent of his licence. He opened on the 16th May, with 'The Jew,' in which Elliston played *Shew*, and Mathews made his first appearance in London as *Jabal*. The experiment succeeded so well, that the principal actors were soon engaged at the winter theatres. Elliston went to Drury Lane, where he took the lead in comedy, and, being fortunate enough to have Miss Duncan (now Mrs. Davison,) to co-operate with him, many comedies, both old and new, were represented with great success. Among the latter, the 'Honey Moon,' was pre-eminent.

Elliston remained at Drury Lane till the theatre was destroyed by fire. He then went with the company to the Lyceum, and afterwards became lessee of the Circus, the name of which he changed to the Surrey Theatre. Here he commenced that rivalry between the minors and majors, the extended effects of which are now so severely felt by the latter. Subsequently he took the Olympic Theatre, in which he made a considerable sum of money at first, but contrived to lose it afterwards. At a later period he was to be seen in the plenitude of his professional glory, as theatrical sovereign of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. We poor mortals are constantly digging pits for ourselves to fall into—and Elliston upon this occasion did not escape. He was successful, we believe, in the beginning of his reign, but soon found himself suffering from the increased attraction of the minors, who were only following up the principle which he himself had introduced. To protect himself against the consequences of this, he had recourse to various expedients, and, among others, to the starring system. This has, indeed, been "the madness of many for the gain of a few." It has weakened the interest which the public used to feel for particular houses, because they knew they should be sure to find particular favourites there; it has caused actors of talent to look to money as the cause, and not the consequence of fame; and it has enriched a small number of those of the present day, to the manifest injury of the proprietors of the national theatres, and to the detriment of the theatrical profession generally. We have no wish to cast unmerited reflections upon an actor whose talents we look back on with so much respect and delight as on those of Mr. Elliston; and we make no doubt that, if the clouds of self-interest had not obscured his foresight, his natural fondness for his profession would have induced him to abstain from the course he was pursuing; yet we believe we are not over-stating the case when we affirm, that his first *carte-blanche* to Mr. Liston to induce him to quit Covent Garden for Drury Lane, laid the foundation of that system, the mischievous consequences of which we have above pointed out. The cases of Mrs. Billington and Master Betty, both of whom had previously been engaged upon enormous nightly salaries to act alternately at the two great houses, are only exceptions which serve to prove the rule.

Of late years Mr. Elliston again became lessee of the Surrey Theatre, where his encroachments upon what used to be considered the exclusive rights of the patent theatres were, as is well known, still more determined and systematic. How far his last speculation has been attended with profit, we know not. As an actor, he has left a blank which is not likely to be soon filled up. In tragedy he was more than respectable, if less than great. He was *admirable* in comedy; and, in some of those parts of genteel life which required the union of the two, he was unrivalled—even by Mr. Charles Kemble.

We had intended to have gone more minutely into an examination of his professional quali-

cations, but are deterred from doing so, partly by the length to which this outline of his career has led us, and partly by the satisfactory and acute estimate of them by Mr. Leigh Hunt, which we have already seen in Nos. 266 and 269 of 'The Tatler.' If we had not read those papers, we should have expressed the same opinions in other words; but, having done so, we feel that we could not express them in better. As a man, Mr. Elliston had his failings—the principal one being a too free indulgence in the bottle. Excuses for this may be found in the constant state of excitement in which his professional speculations caused him to live, and in a proneness to society, induced by his delightful powers of conversation, and the natural gaiety of his disposition. Led on by these, he, like too many other "choice spirits," made spirits his choice. He drew in advance upon his constitution, and thoughtlessly squandered away his capital of health. What wonder then, if, when the rainy day of sickness came, he had not funds of strength to meet its demands? As regards himself personally, however, it no longer signifies: he has passed to the silent tomb, which he now occupies in his last character of "sole lessee." Let his private failings be adverted to only as a warning—his professional excellence be cherished as an example. With grateful recollections of many an hour of intellectual enjoyment, we say, in all sincerity, "Requiescat."

In expressing our concurrence with the opinions of *The Tatler* in its able remarks on Mr. Elliston's acting, we must guard ourselves against being supposed to coincide in another opinion which is therein incidentally expressed. *The Tatler* says, "When Kean appeared and extinguished Kemble," &c. Surely the critic's own lamp must have gone out suddenly, and left him in the dark as to what he was writing. What! Kean extinguish Kemble? As well might a rocket, brilliant and dazzling as for the moment it is, be expected to extinguishing the steady and enduring light of the moon in whose face it is discharged. Kean extinguish Kemble! Why, Garrick himself, whom, by all accounts, it would have taken two Keanes to make, could not have done it. Again, to carry the simile still further, —what now remains of our theatrical rocket and our theatrical moon? In some one of the surrounding minor theatres, upon the stage of which it has fallen, may, perhaps, be found the stick and the half-consumed case of the one; whereas, the memory of the other is still cherished with respect as well as admiration by all who were fortunate enough to behold its beams; while its pure and classical light still hangs reflected upon the very walls of the theatre where it last and longest lingered. We have no wish to detract from the well-earned fame of Mr. Kean, but we cannot consent that any part of it should be built upon even the imaginary ruins of Mr. Kemble's. The one was a man of genius and a clever actor—the other was both these, and, besides, a consummate artist and an accomplished gentleman. We might go on to draw a comparison between the farewell performances of the two, both of which took place under circumstances of great bodily infirmity; but we forbear, because our object is, not to attack the one, but to do justice to the other.

DISCOVERER OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

"Honour to him to whom honour is due."

DISCUSSIONS have recently appeared in some of the public prints respecting the voyages of Sebastian Cabot, and the first discovery of the continent of North America. It is not my intention to enter the lists among these combatants, who have handled the subject with as much testiness as candour; but I would fain put in a word in favour of old John Cabot, the real dis-

coverer, whose laurels have been nearly torn from his brow amid these warm contentions.

Giovanni Cabotto (in plain English, John Cabot,) was a Venetian pilot distinguished for his skill in navigation, who left his native city, like another Columbus, to seek employment in a foreign land. He made his home in England, and established his residence in Bristol; but made occasional voyages to other parts, and visits to Venice, in which he was accompanied by his youthful son, Sebastian, whom he brought up to a sea-faring life.

Stimulated by the recent discoveries of Columbus, John Cabot made a successful application to Henry VII. (who had accidentally missed the services of that great admiral,) for vessels in which he could seek a passage by the north-west, to the rich countries of the East Indies, and discover such other unknown lands as might intervene. Henry acceded to his proposition, as he is said to have previously done to that of Columbus, made through his brother Bartholomew.

On the 5th of March, 1496, a patent was accordingly granted by Henry VII. to John Cabot and his three sons, Lewis, Sebastian, and Sancius, and to their heirs or deputies, to undertake voyages of discovery in all seas of the east, west, and north, in search of countries hitherto unknown to Christians. A voyage was accordingly undertaken in the spring of 1497, in which John Cabot appears to have been accompanied by his youthful son Sebastian, and in which land was discovered (believed to be the continent of North America) on the 24th of June, 1497.

Recent discussions render it of some importance to ascertain the age of young Sebastian at that time. We find him to have been alive on the 29th of May, 1557, at which time he received a renewed grant of a pension from the English government. The time of his death is not known, but it is presumed by historians to have occurred soon after that date, and that he had nearly attained the age of fourscore. Sebastian Cabot must, therefore, have been about eighteen, or a little more, when the patent for a voyage of discovery was granted to his father on the 5th of March, 1496. It is not probable that application should have been made by him to the Crown for authority to undertake so great an enterprise, or that the patent should have been accorded to so mere a youth. The name of his father, specified in the commission, shows to whom the expedition was entrusted.

It is possible that the young Sebastian may, in fact, have been the first person who set eyes upon the American continent, though no such surmise has ever been advanced. Yet, even in that case, he would have been no more entitled to bear away the honour of the discovery from his father, than would the ship-boy at the mast-head, who should have been the first to descry and cry out "land!"

A case, in some degree in point, occurred in the first voyage of discovery of Columbus. At dead of night, when in anxious hope of at last discovering land, the Admiral descried a light in the horizon, which seemed in movement like a lamp or candle borne in the hand of some person. He judged it certain sign of land, and his opinion was confirmed at the first peep of dawn, when one of the sailors, in a vessel more advanced, announced the fact. The honest seaman, it is said, fancied himself the first discoverer of this novel world; and, it is added, took it so to heart, that others should deny his claim, that he forsook his country and his faith, abandoned Spain for Africa, and thenceforth lived and died a Mussulman. I will not vouch for the entire verity or aptness of this anecdote; nor do I mean to predict or to insinuate that such a fate is in any manner likely to befall the mistaken discoverer of the discoverer of the continent.

An ingenious writer, anxious to assign the fame of the discovery of the continent to Sebastian Cabot, has remarked that the fact of the father being named in the patent, does not furnish conclusive evidence that he embarked in the voyage. He proceeds to suggest, that there may at least be a doubt whether the father really accompanied the expedition. He persuades himself, that there is nothing to control in the slightest degree, the idea that the project had its origin in the son. He infers that the father did not go at all on the voyage, or that, if he did, it was merely for the purpose of turning to account his mercantile skill in the traffic connected with the expedition—doubtless in selling glass beads, hawks' bills, and nose-drops to the natives. He insinuates, that the name of the father was merely introduced into the patent, through the wary precaution of the King, to secure his own pecuniary interest, as he was to have one fifth of the gains. In the course of his pleading, the boyhood of Sebastian has no weight with this sanguine advocate. He convinces himself by the force of his own eloquence, and comes to the conclusion, that Henry VII. "yielded a ready ear to the bold theory and sanguine promises of the accomplished and enthusiastic young navigator." We can excuse and almost applaud the friendly zeal with which this gentleman pleads the cause of his adopted client.

It is fortunate for old John Cabot, that a document has been recently drawn from among the rubbish of the Rolls Chapel, where it lay interred in the accumulated dust of ages, and has been brought forth like another Lazarus, with all its grave-clothes about it, to bear testimony in his favour.

On the 3rd of February, 1498, Henry VII. granted a second patent "to John Cabotto, Venetian, his deputy or deputies, to take six English ships and proceed to the land and isles of late found by the said John." The names of the sons are not expressed. The literary gentleman, whom we have just mentioned, is entitled to all the credit of bringing this authentic paper to light, which establishes the claim of old John Cabot to the honour of having discovered the American continent. He has also distinguished himself in his Memoir of Sebastian Cabot by the scrutinizing minuteness with which he has detected and developed the inaccuracies of former writers of voyages. It is, perhaps, more a matter of regret than of surprise, that he should have himself fallen into somewhat of a similar error in transferring to the son the honours due to the sire.

We hear nothing further of old John, and nothing for some years of the operations of young Sebastian. It is probable that the father died soon after the date of the second patent; and some obscure intimation of his death is to be found among historians. It is probable also that the intended expedition was therefore abandoned or postponed. The task of further discovery devolved on Sebastian Cabot, who distinguished himself during a long life as an able navigator. As he made himself thus celebrated during more than half a century, it is not very extraordinary that the actions of father and son have been confounded together by many writers, and the whole ascribed to the latter. This has, perhaps, been in some instances promoted by the consideration that the son was by birth an Englishman. P. P. P.

MAGNETISM.

A most extraordinary report has lately been made to the Paris Academy of Medicine, on Magnetism, by the commission appointed by the Academy. It contains a number of curious facts, which we shall briefly relate. It is stated, that magnetism does not act on persons in good

health, nor even all of the sick; that it has the effect of agitating some, and quieting others: it ordinarily causes a momentary quickening of the pulse, and convulsive movements, like electric shocks; but, in many cases, it induces sleep, and in a few, *somnambulism*. The individuals so affected, although in a profound sleep, can hear the persons who are magnetized with them, and will reply to their questions, doing acts, and acquiring faculties they are strangers to when awake! Persons having been subjected to the magnetic action, can be magnetized by the operator without again going through the usual process—a look or wish on his part is enough to effect it, and that whether near or at a distance! and *somnambulism* can be brought on without the knowledge of the person, and when out of view!

The *somnambulists* from magnetic action are insensible to external noise, and hear only the magnetizer and those who are under the influence of the same magnetic power. The eyes close, and resist every effort to open them. The persons are also insensible to pinching, or pricking with a pin, and undergo the severest operations without exhibiting the slightest sensibility. In some cases the strength is quadrupled, in others paralyzed. The *somnambulist* has all the faculties possessed when awake, and remembers everything that has passed during the periods of being so affected, though all recollection of these facts is lost on awaking. Some are said to be able to distinguish objects presented before them though their eyes are shut!—and can read lines of any book taken up at hazard! even when the fingers are placed over the eyes. The patients can predict the date of their cure for several days or even months to come, the crisis of their diseases, and the precise point of time when the epileptic fits shall seize them. They know the exact state of their health, and prescribe proper remedies; one instance is cited of a girl actually knowing the symptoms of those who were magnetized with her.

The sanitary effects resulting from the agency of magnetism are various, some patients experiencing little or no benefit, while others have felt relieved from their sufferings, and have recovered their strength, the fits having been retarded for months. In one case of a confirmed paralytic, a complete cure was effected.

The report concluded by recommending this new agent to the attention of the medical profession, and was received with lively demonstrations of applause by a numerous auditory: the subject being referred to another sitting.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

A meeting of this Society (the last for this summer) was held at their house in Grafton-street, on the 16th, when many interesting papers were read, and on the evening of that day above fifty members of this institution, besides private friends, and some illustrious strangers whom they had invited as guests, assembled at the Thatched House, in St. James's-street, where, according to annual custom, they partook of a most sumptuous dinner. On this occasion His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was in the chair, and near him sat many of the principal gentlemen belonging to the Society—the Right Hon. C. W. Wynn president—the Earl of Munster, Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley (chairman of the Oriental Translation Committee), Sir George Staunton, Sir Edward East, Sir John Malcolm, Sir William Ouseley, Sir Alexander Johnstone, Sir William Betham, &c. The literary objects of this admirable institution were not forgotten amidst the luxuries of this splendid entertainment. The royal chairman, in proposing numerous toasts, made several appro-

priate allusions to various branches of the parent Society, now flourishing in India and other distant countries—also to the Asiatic Society of France, and different learned bodies on the continent of Europe, which actively and successfully co-operate in the great work of cultivating Eastern Literature, and exploring its most secret treasures. The celebrated Brahmin, Ram Mohun Roy, Seyd Khán (agent from the king of Persia), the French Abbé Dubois (author of an excellent work on India), and other distinguished foreigners, each, in very eloquent speeches, returned thanks on their healths being toasted by the royal duke who presided. From Sir Gore Ouseley's statement (of which we propose to give soon a more particular account), it appears that the Oriental Translation Committee (a branch of the Royal Asiatic Society) have already caused to be translated, or have now in the hands of accomplished translators, or actually in the press, a considerable number of rare and interesting original works in Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit, Chinese, Armenian, Turkish, &c.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

July 19.—A communication from Dr. Wallich was read, 'On the preparation and management of plants during a voyage from India.'

The exhibition consisted of forced peaches and nectarines from Mr. Thomson, at the Grange Gardens, Hants; Black Prince and New Dutch sweetwater-grapes, from C. Webb, Esq.; a drawing of *Gladiolus psittacinus* from Mr. J. Miller, of Bristol; forced Noblesse, French Mignonne, and scarlet Admirable peaches and Elonge nectarines, from Mr. William Lindsay; a new hardy species of *lobelia* from the Clapton Nursery; and Black Naples currants, a new Enville pine-apple, Marseilles figs, Mr. Knight's No. 3. red currant, thirty sorts of gooseberries, and a large collection of flowers, from the Society's garden.

The First Part of a New Series of the 'Transactions' was announced as being ready for delivery.

Lord Strathaven, William Oakeley, Esq. William Unwin Sims, Esq., and William Leighton Johnson, were elected Fellows of the Society.

LONDON UNIVERSITY AND KING'S COLLEGE.

THE adjourned meeting of the proprietors of the London University is to take place this day, for the purpose of receiving the report of the select committee, appointed "to investigate the circumstances which have checked the advancement of the University to that state of usefulness and importance which was contemplated by its founders; and to inquire into the best means of promoting its future prosperity." To the appointment of such committee, we had but trifling objections from the first, and the wise and conciliatory spirit in which the appointment was urged on by its advocates, removed these. That there have been errors in the management, is very possible; it could hardly have been otherwise. But to look to the future, rather than the past, we are of opinion, that the authority should be entrusted absolutely to some one person, subject only to the general control of a committee; and that the person so entrusted, should be elected by the professors, and approved by the committee. No man, in our judgment, was better qualified for such office, than Mr. Horner, the late Warden, and we regret that it was not conferred on him—that he had not absolute power for directing and enforcing the regulations and discipline of the University; and we are of opinion, that some such officer; and we doubt much if any committee will find a man better qualified. With regard to the immediate subject of inquiry, for

which the committee is appointed; it, in our judgment, needs no great labour or philosophy to report on it. The University preceded when it should have followed the establishment of Proprietary Schools—it anticipated the wants of the people—the establishment aroused a mistaken zeal and opposition, which led to the projection of King's College, and thus divided the resources which might have been reasonably anticipated. Circumstances, however, which have hitherto worked against the establishment, are now tending to its support: Proprietary Schools are established, and with eminent success—the opposition languishes—prejudice is fast dying away; and those who erroneously believed that the founders were opposed in their views to the government, now see them constituting that government, and, wise by experience, the income and expenditure have been rigidly examined and compared, and the estimated receipts of the next year are within fifty pounds of the estimated expenditure. These are gratifying circumstances to all who wish well to establishments for education; and will suggest that past errors should be touched on lightly, and individual opinions urged with temper and a becoming deference to those who dissent from them. While on this subject, we will ask, if King's College and the London University might not now be united? It is well known, that both want funds to perfect their several buildings, and revenues for the full development of their good powers. King's College would be available, and is wanted, for public offices; it might be taken and paid for by government, and the money would complete the London University. There may be difficulties in the way of this arrangement, but none that, in our judgment can be compared to the beneficial result of such union. With their united capital, a noble establishment would be perfected—their united incomes would be considerable and amply sufficient, and their joint power a hundred-fold greater than it can be when wasted in rivalry. We suggest this without any feeling of preference, and think it might be just, if King's College consented to the transfer of its establishment, that it should be complimented, by giving its name to that building, which a noble spirit of conciliation would complete and make perfect.

FINE ARTS

Pompeiana. Part X. Jennings & Chaplin.

Commendation of this work is useless, for we persuade ourselves that, after the testimony we have borne to its interest and beauty, the majority of our readers are in possession of it; but we must add, that the present number is even more richly and profusely embellished than usual.

Wm. Wordsworth, Esq.—J. G. Lockhart, Esq. Drawn from Life and on Stone. By F. Wilkin. London: Dickinson.

Two more of the fine series of portraits, large as life, the first number of which was noticed a short time since. It is most pleasant to us, that we need not abate a jot of the admiration we then expressed of this most able work. The freedom and power of the artist then won our highest commendation, and if possible, deserve it more than ever. The likeness, in both instances, is perfect, and we know of no work so truly interesting; and yet, living as we do, contemporaneously with the eminent men themselves, we can hardly conceive the value and delight that it will be to the genius and talent of the next generation. We remember the eager curiosity with which hundreds started off for Streatham, when the portraits of Johnson and Burke, and the others that had formerly gladdened that spot with their society, were

offered for sale—to look around the room was like being admitted a member of the 'Literary Club' itself,—here, then, every man may have the Literary Club of the Nineteenth Century.

The Waggon. Engraved by C. Lewis, after R. P. Bonington.

A most delightful little picture. Our admiration is divided between painter and engraver, for both deserve the highest commendation—even the truth-loving pencil of Bonington never, in our opinion, more successfully represented nature; and Mr. Lewis has caught the right spirit of the artist, and the engraving is as clear and brilliant as the original picture.

Prospectus of the Landscape Annual. London: Jennings & Chaplin, 1830.

A prospectus may seem beneath the dignity of criticism—but a beautiful engraving by Goudall, after Harding, is something above the character of an ordinary prospectus. The subject is, Florence from the Cascini, and worthily treated—it is almost as beautiful to look on as the Val d'Arno itself.

MUSIC

SIGNOR DELLA TORRE'S CONCERT.

ON Wednesday evening, Signor Della Torre gave a concert at the King's Theatre Concert-room, which was well attended. Mad. Pasta sang 'Il mio braccio,' in exquisite style. The guitar-playing of young Regondi (of whom we lately spoke,) formed one of the attractions of the evening. Mozart's 'Giovanezza,' was sung by Mad. Kaimbach and Sig. Torre, with great applause, and was loudly encored.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

For Glorious Freedom! A National Song. The words by T. H. Stirling, Esq. The Music by Charles Walther. Mori & Lavenue.

THE words of this song would disgrace a school-boy; and all that we can say of the music is, that it does not disgrace the words. It is stated on the title-page that Mr. Braham sings it with enthusiastic applause. We have a great opinion of Mr. Braham's talents, but if this can be proved, we shall think higher of him than ever.

"I'm the Merry Little Drummer." Sung by Miss Poole in the 'Legion of Honour.' Composed and published by Alexander Lee.

WE cannot say that there is a word too little in the title of this song, for there is, in fact, a "little" too much. Why "the merry little drummer," Mr. Publisher? The opening words are—

I'm the merry drummer
Who winter and summer—

but no matter:—they are nice little words, set to nice little music, and nicely sung by a nice little girl. Upon Caleb Quotem's principle, of "many small articles making up a sum," we hope that all these little causes will conduce to a great sale.

The Stranger's Bride. A Ballad. Written and Composed by George Linley, Esq. Duff.

A very poor concern. The words are a bad second edition of Mr. Haynes Bayly's 'We met' and the music will never reach a second edition of any sort.

Nos. 20 and 24, *Select French Songs:* arranged with an Accompaniment for the Guitar, by the most favourite Composers for that Instrument; and selected, edited, and published by Henry Lea, professor of the Guitar.

THESE two numbers present excellent adaptations of the popular French songs, 'La Marseillaise,' and 'La Parisienne,' by Meissonnier, the

author of the very admired song, 'Le Petit Tambour.' They are well arranged, and clearly engraved, with all the words.

THEATRICALS

ENGLISH OPERA—ADELPHI.

A very successful one-act operetta was brought out at this house on Saturday last, called 'The Old Regimentals.' The foundation of it is taken from an anecdote concerning Charles Amadeus, Grand Duke of Baden, related in the Universal History. It is written by Mr. Bernard; and, while it exhibits dramatic skill and power of a superior order, it is deficient only in that tact which more experience will, no doubt, supply. So great is this deficiency, that we had heard a full quarter of the piece before we had a guess what it could be about; the audience were getting impatient, and we began to fear that condemnation would precede disclosure. At length, however, the author's good choice of materials began to tell upon us—interest was awakened, and it is but justice to add, that from that moment it scarcely ever flagged. The interest turns upon the reformation of the reigning Duke, Charles Amadeus, who is a somewhat unworthy son of his patriotic father, the old Duke John. Instigated, principally, by a roguish Italian secretary, the Chevalier Dandoli, Charles Amadeus has plunged into riot and dissipation, and become highly unpopular among his subjects. Among other matters, he has detained, and endeavoured to seduce, a young girl named Eva, who is the daughter of an old officer formerly in his father's service, and who has come to the palace in the hope of disposing advantageously of some work. She repulses him, and escapes. A rising of his discontented subjects ensues. To avoid them he rushes from the palace—is pursued, by them as he thinks, but, in truth, by Dandoli, with some hired ruffians, whose object now is to assassinate him. The Duke takes refuge in the cottage of Michael Braunbach, Eva's father; being cloaked up, and passing for one of his own suite, Michael does not recognize him, but promises him shelter and protection. In a conversation which ensues, the Duke discovers that he is under the roof of Eva's father: his confusion is increased by her return, and by her relating to her father his forcible attempts to detain her. Braunbach, enraged, takes hold of the supposed courtier, and calls on him to defend the conduct of his master: the cloak falls off, and his dress discloses who he is: Braunbach draws his sword, and is about to kill him, but is deterred by the intervention of Eva, and by the knocking at the door of the Duke's pursuers. We have forgotten to mention that, at our first introduction to Braunbach, we find him at his daily occupation of cleaning and apostrophizing a suit of regimentals, which were formerly worn by his beloved master, the good Duke John, and which have been given to him, at his own request, as the only recompense he would take for services performed at his master's side in the field of battle. Braunbach is a sort of Major Dalgetty and he is constantly talking of "Duke John," as the other talks of the "Lion of the North." In a moment, Braunbach's generosity gets the better of his anger, and seeing nothing but that his prince is in danger, he forces him into an inner room, gives him his father's clothes to disguise himself in, and instructs him how to escape by a secret passage, accompanying his instructions with a blunt and homely, but natural and touching injunction, "not to forget to return the clothes when he has done with them." Eva has, in the mean time, left the cottage, and alarmed the Duke's guards. Dandoli and his ruffians are then admitted, and are quickly followed by the guard. Fearful of being detected, Dandoli saves

himself for the moment, by accusing Braunbach of an intention to murder the Duke. No explanation avails, and the old soldier is hurried away to trial. At this trial, Dr. Abel Muzz, a sort of silly drunken chamberlain, presides, and Braunbach is about to be condemned, when shouts are heard without, and a report is brought that the old Duke John is to be seen walking the streets, dressed "in his habit as he lived." This, of course, is Charles Amadeus, who arrives in time to clear the innocent, punish the guilty, declare that with his own clothes he has cast off his indiscretions, and with his father's, put on the latter's virtues, and reward the gentle Eva with his hand. The part of Braunbach is well conceived, well written, and was admirably acted by Mr. Bartley. Mr. Perkins played the Duke with excellent sense, and much spirit and feeling. Miss H. Cawse was interesting, though a little out of her natural element, in Eva; and John Reeve was as circular and as rich as a rum puncheon in Abel Muzz. The part, however, is a poor one; and the management of the first part of the trial scene, by the author, is unnatural and undramatic. The defect of the piece is, as we said before, a want of tact and experience, which has caused him to fail in properly introducing us to the characters and the plot. It is like the symphony of one song played before the air of another of an opposite character. All this, however, is forgotten as the piece proceeds, and, upon the whole, it well deserved the hearty applause it received.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

MRS. GORE's comedy, of the 'School for Coquettes,' which we slightly noticed last week, continues to be acted with considerable approbation, and is said to be attractive. It is certainly, though not free from defects, a very meritorious production; and, being written by a lady, we are glad that, in speaking of it, justice and inclination go hand in hand. The plot is good, as far as it goes; but there is scarcely material enough for five acts; and the consequence is, that we have infinitely too much conversation. The dialogue is written in a lively and spirited strain, though it savours more of the novelist than the dramatist:—still, with the exception of a few poor jokes, which (jokes, we mean, not poor ones) are evidently not the authoress's forte, there is an air of refinement and good-breeding pervading the whole of it which is extremely comfortable and satisfactory. The professed object is to teach wives to avoid even the most innocent coquetry, by showing them, that circumstances may easily arise out of it to give seemingly sufficient grounds for suspicions of a much more disagreeable nature.

The Lady Honoria Howard is married to a prosy politician, who neglects her, too much as she thinks, for his public duties. To revenge herself on him, and to arouse him into a lover of a more lively order, she commences systematic coquetry, and fixes, for her chief partner, on her cousin Frederick Lumley, who has just returned from his travels, and is secretly married to a young English girl, with whom he has eloped from a convent in Italy. Lady Honoria alone is in his confidence; for he is yet afraid to disclose the truth to his father, General Lumley, or his uncle Lord Marston, who is the General's brother and Lady Honoria's father. A young governess is expected in Lord Marston's family from Scotland, and Lady Honoria avails herself of this to get her cousin's wife under the same roof with her, by introducing her as the governess in question. Lady Honoria's attempts to rouse her husband's jealousy are a little too successful; and suspicions arise in his mind, which are continually heightened by the mystery which seems to subsist between her and Frederick Lumley, and by Frederick's frequent visits to her private

suite of apartments, whither he, of course, goes only to see his own wife. Mr. Howard communicates his suspicions to Lord Marston and General Lumley: his lordship indignantly repels the accusations against his child; but the three commence a system of watching, and are at length convinced of their truth. Matters for a time look black, but all is ultimately cleared up; and Amelia, the wife of Frederick, is discovered to be a long-lost second daughter of Lord Marston's, and, of course, Lady Honoria's sister. Lord Marston, it appears, had parted from his wife many years before, because she too was a coquette; and having, on their separation, gone abroad, she shortly after died, leaving this child, of whom no previous information could be obtained.

There is a feeble underplot, which we have not room to detail, and several other characters which we cannot notice at length. These are chiefly employed in the conversations, of which the four first acts are mainly composed, for we have to wait until nearly the end of the fourth before we come to even an attempt at a situation. They consist of Lady Hampton, a prim savage of high life, correctly personated by Mrs. Glover, with an eye, or rather both eyes, to a good provision for her simpleton daughter Caroline (Miss Scott)—Miss Starchwell, the daughter's governess, a seemingly severe prude, but behind her affected sedateness an intriguing rogue, acted to the life by Mrs. Tayleure—Lisette, a French chambermaid, badly translated by Mrs. T. Hill—Lord Polter, an exquisite, performed with an identification of character creditable in the highest degree to Mr. Brindal (whose name, as we are paying him a well-merited compliment, will not, we hope, be misprinted, as it was the last time we mentioned him)—Colonel Donnelly, an officer, so poorly represented by Mr. Bartlett that, but for a duel, his presence could not have been required for a second—Fitz Albyn, a bad Irishman of a bad sort, with a bad brogue, poorly written, and worse acted by Mr. Coveney, who, nevertheless, when he is not pushed out of his line, does some things extremely well—Marron, a French valet, so well done by Mr. Newcombe, that we shall be obliged by his giving Mrs. T. Hill a few lessons—Latitat, a part of three lines, put upon Mr. J. Cooper, and Ralph, a Yorkshire porter at Lord Marston's, cleverly acted, but with a dialect anything but Yorkshire, by Mr. Webster. To return to the principals, we were delighted to observe a marked increase of repose about Miss Taylor; she acted more with her face and less with her hands. This is what English actresses want to learn of the French, and it is almost all that this clever young lady is deficient in. Miss Sidney went through Amelia interestingly and prettily enough, but she has not much turn for sentiment. Mr. Farren, admirable in everything, was perfect in General Lumley—a sort of Sir Anthony not quite so Absolute. Mr. H. Wallack was as prosy and sententious as the character demanded in Mr. Howard; Mr. Vining was easy, gay, and natural in Frederick; and Mr. Cooper was stately, and, where it was required, impressive in Lord Marston, a nobleman of the Lord Townley school; but, as to dressing a prime minister of the present day, we suspect if Mr. Cooper will manage to get a sight of Earl Grey, that he will not find him in a single-breasted black velvet coat, black velvet breeches, and a white satin waistcoat, embroidered with flowers. So neither, by the bye, will Mr. Farren meet a general officer in our service, walking about town with medals and orders adorning the outside of his surtout coat. It is so seldom that this last gentleman offers us anything to peck at, that the present occasion is nuts to a critic.

MISCELLANEA

The late Royal Academician, Jackson.—We wish to draw the attention of all lovers of art, and all friends of the deceased artist, to a very fine and finished whole-length picture of a Dutch girl, now to be seen at Messrs. Molteno & Graves' in Pall-Mall. It is too well known, that the family of Mr. Jackson are left wholly unprovided for; and this single picture is all the property of his eldest daughter, the child of a former marriage; her friends have therefore determined, rather than run the hazard of a sale, to dispose of it by a raffle, among 150 subscribers, at a guinea each. There are, no doubt, many who will desire to enrol their names from higher motives than the hope and chance of possessing the picture—but by those to whom the artist was not known, but who delighted in his genius, this chance of possessing a work of great beauty should not be lost—the subscription-list is already half filled, and those who are anxious on the subject, should not lose a moment in putting down their names.

Winding of Rivers.—The Moselle, between Berncastel and Roarn, after a course of seventeen miles returns to within five hundred yards of the point whence it started. The Wye, between Hereford and Chepstow, is, perhaps, the most remarkable in this respect in England.

An acquaintance of Sheridan's, being anxious to obtain some information from him, commenced his speech with the following common-place: "Now, Mr. Sheridan, I'm about to ask a very impertinent question."—"Don't ask it then!" was Sheridan's reply.

A society has lately been formed in Paris for the protection of the rights of the working classes, styled, *Les Amis du Peuple*: they have commenced publishing a sort of journal; the first *livraison* appeared on the first of this month—but its republican doctrines have attracted the attention of government, and the result is, that the work has been seized. Universal suffrage is the panacea these political doctors prescribe for *les maladies du peuple*.

A comedy, in verse, entitled 'La Crainte de l'Opinion,' has been brought out with success at the Théâtre Français. It is said to be the first production of the author, M. Barraut; and as that gentleman, since writing the work, has become an eminent teacher of the new religion, the doctrine of St. Simon, it is likely to be his last; as the theatrical career is deemed incompatible with the mission he has undertaken.

A society of respectable citizens in the Canton of Zurich is said to have entered into a compact not to uncover the head in the presence of men, whether kings or not—in order to abolish a custom humiliating in itself, and which has become still more so by abuse.

Cultivation of the Tea Plant.—The Chinese green tea plant (*camellia viridis*) has been successfully planted by Mr. Rootsey, of Bristol, in a part of Breconshire, near the source of the Usk, about 1000 feet above the level of the sea, and higher than the limits of the native woods, consisting of alder and birch. It endured the winter, and was not affected by the frost of the 7th of May; and it has now made several vigorous shoots.—*Times*.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W. & Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 14	71 56	29.48	S.E.	Rain.
Fr. 15	74 56	29.48	S.W.	Ditto.
Sat. 16	69 56	Stat.	S.	Ditto.
Sun. 17	73 55	29.68	N.W. to W.	Shra. P.M.
Mon. 18	75 55	29.74	S.W. to W.	Cloudy.
Tues. 19	73 58	Stat.	W.	Ditto.
Wed. 20	69 59	29.60	S.W.	Ditto.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulus, Cirrostratus, Nimbus. Nights for the greater part fair, mornings for the greater part rainy.

Mean temperature of the week, 64.5°.

Astronomical Observations.

Moon in apogee on Wed. at 7h. A.M.
Venus's geocen. long. on Wed. 18° 32' in Leo.
Mars's — — — 18° 36' in ditto.
Sun's — — — 26° 57' in Cancer.
Length of day on Wed. 15h. 56m.; decreased, 48m.
No night.
Sun's horary motion on Wed. 2' 23". Logarithmic number of distance, .006933.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to L., R. G., J. F. P.
To — — B. many thanks: we have always corners for such contributions.

We are deeply sensible of the kindness of F.S.A., G.P., and numberless other known and unknown friends. We were aware that the proposed change was hazardous a great deal; but it was neither hastily nor unadvisedly determined on. Many months ago counsel was held on the subject, and preparations made. If the readers of Literary Papers be so limited as they imagine, who were the thirty thousand purchasers of the early volumes of the Family Library? who the fourteen thousand purchasers of the Lives of the Painters, a subject limited in its interest to the highest and most refined class of informed minds? Still we are grateful to them. It will be gratifying to them to hear, that all the opinions of the best-informed men of business are decidedly with us, and we receive the most encouraging reports from all parts of the country, and zealous promises of support. If every friend will but exert himself in his own circle, there can be no doubt of a triumphant success. Of course we shall give greater publicity to the change. Our whole attention has been hitherto directed to remote districts: we are now approaching London; and friends may be assured that before the 6th of August, it shall be heard of far and wide. Let them, however, be stirring.

The Editor of the *Times* has summed up in the great cause. The writer of the 'Memoir of Sebastian Cabot' v. the *Athenæum*, in these words: "We see no reason why we should take any part in this controversy, which concerns, after all, a point of very minor importance, and which, at least on the side of the reviewer, appears to be carried on with an unnecessary degree of warmth." We are sensible of the editor's kindness in taking the trouble to read the controversy; and, by declaring the point in dispute one of minor importance, he has decided all that we desired.

To a civil objection we reply civilly. Thus Dr. Johnson observes on a passage in our review of his 'Change of Air,' &c.:—

"I am made to say, that mere travelling in Italy lays the foundation of chronic maladies that render life miserable for years. Surely this is a very forced interpretation of the following, 'That people in health may wander through Italy, in safety, at all periods between September and June, I can have no doubt.'" p. 265.

Now, we did not interpret this passage at all: our opinion was the impression left on the mind from his whole argument; but the actual passage in our recollection, as will be apparent enough, preceded the one quoted, and is as follows:—

"The English traveller or sojourner in Italy knows little, if anything, respecting these slow and marked underminings of his health, and thinks, if he escape the malaria fever of July and August, he has nothing more to dread, but everything to enjoy, throughout the year. Fatal mistake! The foundation of chronic maladies, that render life miserable for years, is every summer laid in by hundreds of our countrymen, who wander about beneath the azure skies of Italy." p. 125.

As to the small type in which the work is printed, the Doctor says, that he has by that means compressed into one moderate volume what in modern letter-press would occupy three—this is true enough, and greatly to the benefit of the purchaser, who will have one of the cheapest books lately published: but what we objected to was the change of type; adopted, perhaps, to illustrate the title, *Change of Air*.

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

Sir,—While I was laughing over your review of 'Paris and London,' and when I had just read that "the hero has a child sworn to him, on the strength of having saluted a chambermaid; and that much astonishment or satire is expressed at the state of English law, that could exact 'forty pounds for a kiss,'" I saw a little crumpled up paper on the floor, and on opening it read, in a delicate hand, what must, I think, have been the outpouring of the spirit and agony of the author on that occasion:—

"What! forty pounds!—unfeeling men!—For a small child, not weighing ten! Four guineas, Mr. Overmeer, Per pound, for child's flesh, is too dear; And if such payment you require, It will make me a wretched Sire (sigher)."

I presume the writer was a foreigner, and not quite certain of the spelling of the last word.

Yours,

AN ENGLISHMAN, AND NO SATIRIST.
Literary Union.

Athenæum Advertisement.

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